

The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

OL 40 NO. 3

MARCH 1953



A Safer World Ahead!

Your baby today has twice as much chance to grow into a healthy childhood as an infant twenty years ago.

One reason for this better birthright is improved infant feeding care.

Good, *safe* Sego Milk, developed through years of scientific testing, is always easy for babies to digest — always uniformly rich in whole milk's food substances.

Sego Milk supplies your baby with something else, too — pure crystalline vitamin D₃, the sunshine vitamin that helps develop strong, straight bones and sound teeth, and to make the best of growth.

Ask your doctor about Sego Milk

FREE TO YOU!

Your Baby, a handy, 64-page book that makes it easier to care for and train your baby. Approved by a well-known doctor. Send for your free copy today.

Address: Sego Milk Co., Dept. R-1, Salt Lake City, Utah.



YOU CAN WIN A YEAR'S SCHOLARSHIP TO COLLEGE

**Design the
Student Nurse
Uniform
for the new
Brigham Young
University
School of Nursing.**

Contest

Design the student nurse uniform for the new Brigham Young University School of Nursing. The winning pattern must be distinctive so as to characterize the B.Y.U. student and differentiate her from other nursing students. It also must be stylish and conform to the current mode. Some details to be considered are the color, style, tailoring and practicability.

Prize . . .

The designer of the winning pattern will receive a tuition scholarship to Brigham Young University for one regular fall-winter-spring term. The winner will be notified by mail.

Eligibility . . .

Anyone interested in receiving the scholarship prize or interested in nursing or in attending college may enter. Entries are especially invited from high school and college students and members of Relief Societies, Sunday Schools and Mutual Improvement Associations. The entry must be sent in the name of the person who would receive the scholarship if he or she be chosen winner.

Deadline . . .

All entries must be received by April 1, 1953.

Details . . .

Mail entries to:
Uniform Contest
School of Nursing
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

Any type of paper may be used for the entry. Designs must be clear, and writing legible. Neatness, originality, and aptness will be considered in judging. In addition to the drawing of the design, it must be described in several paragraphs, giving reasons or significance of pattern chosen. Do not send completed uniforms. Decision of the judges will be final, and all entries become the property of Brigham Young University.

Here are Some Tips . . .

Remember, the student uniform is NOT the regular white uniform worn by graduate nurses. The student uniform may be of any color, flared or tailored, with or without apron, with or without cuffs and collar. Pockets may vary in number and position.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Provo, Utah

From Near and Far

Words cannot express how much I love *The Relief Society Magazine*, with its inspirational features, interesting stories, and above all the wonderful lessons for the benefit and education of the women of the Church. And how I love the poems, and often read and reread them many times over. Especially have I been interested in the poems of Iris W. Schow, whose mother was a neighbor and friend of mine when I went as a young bride into their community to live. I used to hold Iris and her little brother Rodney on my lap before my own little ones came along, little dreaming that I should be reading her poems with great pleasure later in life.

—Rose J. Halling
Los Angeles, California

I would like to say thank you for the wonderful *Magazine*. I have read it before and have always liked it very much. Recently, when I was going back to Denmark, I met a Mrs. Oldroyd on the train. She was very nice to me, and now, for Christmas, she sends me the wonderful *Magazine*. I am really going to enjoy that. I know it is going to get me closer to the Church.

—Lissie Due
Aalborg, Denmark.

In October 1952, I had the good fortune to go to Salt Lake City with a good friend of mine and we stayed at the home of his sister, Mrs. Stanley Monroe . . . While in her home I read most of the old copies of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and so it happened that another of your good people has subscribed to it for me. I am very grateful for this as well as many other kind things that were done for me while I was in Salt Lake City.

—Harold M. Dunning
Loveland, Colorado

I have thought for some time I would like to write and tell you how much I have enjoyed the *Magazine*. It has been one of my tools for work for years in the organization, and it has always been an inspiration toward an upward climb.

—Kate Richards,
Ogden, Utah

Throughout the stakes and missions of the Church, *The Relief Society Magazine* unites the sisters in friendship and in accomplishment. From Colchester, Essex, England, Sister Birmingham expresses her thoughts in verse:

On every Tuesday night
The Relief Society will meet,
And I assure you
It is a special treat.
First a song, then a prayer,
Then the lesson starts.
The knowledge which we gain
Goes deep into our hearts.
The sisters are united
And as friendly as can be—
In health and strength, we're better,
For, Lord, it is of thee.

I have only recently begun to receive *The Relief Society Magazine* myself, but have grown up with it, having read stories from it all my life, and I would like to say how much I and all the sisters in our ward organization enjoy it. I have heard them express many times how much joy they get from it.

—Sandra DeLucia
Jerome, Idaho

I am now seventy-one years of age, and throughout my entire life *The Relief Society Magazine* has been an inspiration for me in rearing my children, for I have received a good many words of faith from the pages of the *Magazine*. I have been a subscriber for fifty-three years, and a reader since I was a small child as the *Magazine* (or its predecessor, the *Woman's Exponent*) was in my childhood home.

—Adella Waterlyn
Provo, Utah

I wouldn't miss an issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* for anything. The stories and poems are among the best published anywhere, and it is such a relief to have a *Magazine* without liquor and cigarette advertisements.

—Mrs. Robert Caldwell
Grantsville, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford	-	-	-	-	-	President
Marianne C. Sharp	-	-	-	-	-	First Counselor
Velma N. Simonsen	-	-	-	-	-	Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer
Achsa E. Paxman	Leone G. Layton	Lillie C. Adams	Christine H. Robinson			
Mary G. Judd	Blanche B. Stoddard	Louise W. Madsen	Alberta H. Christensen			
Anna B. Hart	Evon W. Peterson	Aleine M. Young	Nellie W. Neal			
Edith S. Elliott	Leone O. Jacobs	Josie B. Bay	Mildred B. Eyring			
Florence J. Madsen	Mary J. Wilson	Alta J. Vance	Helen W. Anderson			
RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE						
Editor	-	-	-	-	-	Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor	-	-	-	-	-	Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager	-	-	-	-	-	Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 40

MARCH 1953

No. 3

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

A Visit to Relief Society Headquarters	Leone O. Jacobs	150
Chasing the Rainbow	C. W. McCullough	161
Answer the Call of the American Red Cross	Louis C. Boochiver	179
We Found Spring	Frances P. Reid	188
Travel Highlights—Family Outings in Switzerland	Elizabeth Williamson	189
On Trains	Matia McClelland Burk	202

FICTION

Marcie's Pink Taffeta—Third Prize Story	Norma Wrathall	155
Deilated Dollar	Frances C. Yost	165
The Family Reunion	Yvonne Child Hiss	180
Celebration	Florence B. Dunford	190
A Time to Forget—Chapter 9	Fay Tarlock	197

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far		146
Sixty Years Ago		172
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon	173
Editorial: Dwight D. Eisenhower Inaugurated President of the United States	Vesta P. Crawford	174
Notes to the Field: Organizations and Reorganizations		176
Official Costume for Singing Mothers		178
Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue		179

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

By Early Candlelight—2. Building a Home in the Valley	Bonnie A. Kesler	185
Arts and Crafts Appeal to a Young Mother (Vonda Richardson)		196
Today	Loretta P. Epperson	201
"Health to the Bones"	Maryann M. Ukropina	201
Tricks With Bed Linen	Leona Bammes Gardner	204

POETRY

A Tribute to Visiting Teachers—Frontispiece	Alberta H. Christensen	149
Midnight Moon	Grace Barker Wilson	154
Take-Off	Ora Lee Parthesius	160
Impressive Entrance	Iris W. Schow	160
Salute	Mabel Law Atkinson	160
How Shall I Say Your Name?	Lael W. Hill	171
Crocus	Ida Isaacson	184
Yellow Violets	Ethel Jacobson	195
Supplication to Spring	Ing Smith	205
Romance	Pansye H. Powell	205
Personnel for Spring	Maryhale Woolsey	205
Fantasy	Vesta N. Lukei	207
Resonance	Eva Willes Wangsgaard	208

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: \$1.50 a year; foreign, \$2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.



A Tribute to Visiting Teachers

Alberta H. Christensen

The Call

Sorrow finds its way to every door,
And there is need of love to lessen grief.
Disaster strikes; flames leave a cindered waste,
And urgencies require swift relief.

Fear, like a saber thrust, can sharpen doubt
And tear the day apart. Who will afford
The patience, then, to guide toward inner peace
Along a path where faith may be restored?

The little hungers of the heart, although
Unwritten or unvoiced, may leave their scars;
Where are the understanding words to mend
A broken dream, or to re-kindle stars?

The Answer

She sees these needs, who, with a gentle grace
And fortified by faith, will calmly go
Through parching sun, through winter wind and snow
On love's brief errand. She will find the place
Where friendliness and humble ways may bring
Peace to a troubled mind. And she will leave
The solace of his word for those who grieve—
The message that is shared faith-strengthening.
And if the need arise, she will divide
Her substance, but wisely will dispense
Her loaves of healing, keeping confidence
With all who shield their hungering with pride.

She earns the joy that they alone attain
Who magnify a calling, who will go
Through parching sun, through winter wind and snow
To clothe, enlighten, to comfort and sustain.

There is no record which can chart
The loving service of her hands,
The healing that her words impart.

The Cover: "Joshua Tree in the Desert"

Photograph by Josef Muench

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Frontispiece: "Daffodils," Photograph by Ward Linton

A Visit to Relief Society Headquarters

Leone O. Jacobs

Member, General Board of Relief Society

IT is a real pleasure to meet you, Mrs. D - - -, and tell you something about the Relief Society. I enjoy discussing our organization with visitors, and, particularly, with someone like yourself, who has come to our country especially to learn about women's organizations, for we maintain that the Relief Society is unique among all women's organizations.

Here we are at the headquarters of Relief Society on the second floor of this building at 40 North Main Street. These rooms on both sides of the building serve as business offices and offices for the executives, and this large room at the end of the hall is the board room. Here the four officers and the other twenty board members gather weekly around this long table for meetings.

These portraits you see hanging on the walls of the board room are of the nine general presidents of Relief Society, including President Belle S. Spafford, our present president. They are noble looking women, aren't they? Each one has been unusually gifted. I hope you can meet President Spafford before you leave. She has a keen mind, an engaging personality, and is very capable as an executive and leader of women.

Her duties and responsibilities are tremendous. She it is who directs the activities of over 132,000

Relief Society members who live in the United States and its possessions, and in twenty-five foreign countries. Oh, didn't you know Relief Society is an international organization? Yes, we have members in many countries throughout the world. We have more members in your country, Germany, by the way, than any other European country. There are nearly two thousand members in East Germany and over fifteen hundred in West Germany. Since the Relief Society was organized in 1842, there have been many German converts to the Church and many German Relief Society members.

Are you surprised to learn of the age of Relief Society? It is the oldest national women's organization which has persisted in the United States—one hundred and eleven years old this March 17th. I'd be glad to tell you how it came into existence.

In the spring of 1842 some of the Latter-day Saint women in Nauvoo, Illinois, wished to help the brethren working on the temple. (You heard about the Prophet Joseph Smith and our temples when you were on the tour of Temple Square, didn't you?) One of the women, Sarah M. Kimball, suggested to a Miss Cook, a seamstress, that she would furnish material for shirts for the workmen, if Miss Cook would make them. This was

agreed upon, and then they thought some of their neighbors might like to join with them in this endeavor, so a group decided to form an organization to carry out the work more efficiently.

Eliza R. Snow (this is her portrait) was asked to write a constitution and by-laws and submit them to the Prophet Joseph Smith for approval. When the Prophet read the documents, he said they were the best he had ever seen, "But," he said, "this is not what you want. Tell the sisters their offering is accepted of the Lord, and he has something better for them than a written constitution." Then he told the women to meet in the room above his store on the afternoon of March 17, and he would organize them under the Priesthood after a pattern of the Priesthood.

OVER here at this end of the board room in this glass case, you see a miniature replica of that meeting with those eighteen original members who met with Joseph Smith and two other brethren who took part in the organization of the Female Relief Society, as it was first called. It is the only women's organization in the whole world instituted under the inspiration of the Lord by a Prophet of God, and the Prophet continued to meet with the sisters from time to time and gave them instruction. That is why it is unique. The Prophet Joseph Smith stated that the society of the sisters should provoke the brethren to good works in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity, and in administering to

their wants—to assist by correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community.

This little figure represents Emma Smith, the first president. (This is her portrait.) Here are her two counselors and, at the end of the table, is the secretary, Eliza R. Snow, taking the minutes. The styles of the dresses and bonnets are interesting, aren't they?

From that day until this, the Relief Society has been directed by the Priesthood of God. At our Relief Society general conference, which we hold each fall, members of the General Authorities today give us instruction and inspiration.

SOON after that first little group of eighteen women were organized into the Relief Society, they chose a "necessity committee" to "search out the poor and suffering" that they might care for their needs. Today, we call this type of service our "compassionate services" and that is one great purpose of the society—to render service to the poor, the needy, and the sorrowing or despondent; and another purpose is to promote cultural and homemaking features for the benefit of our members.

In line with the "necessity committee," we have today what we call visiting teachers—over 49,000 of them—who go two by two each month into all Latter-day Saint homes throughout the world, to observe the needs and to impart encouragement and love. Any cases of need they observe are reported confidentially to the Relief Society president of their particular ward or branch, and she, under the direction of the bishop, or branch presi-

dent, sees that these needs are met. A short spiritual message is also discussed in the homes by these visiting teachers. Yes, it truly is a great program. I don't wonder you marvel.

You recall that the saints arrived out West and began settling in little communities under President Brigham Young, beginning in 1847. He realized how necessary the services of the Relief Society were to these little colonies, and he called Eliza R. Snow to help the bishops organize branches of the society. Meetings were at first held twice a month—one meeting devoted to sewing and caring for the poor, and the other consisting of a discussion of some educational subject and what we call the "bearing of testimonies." Now, today, we have weekly meetings for eight months, with uniform courses being studied all over the world. The first week of the month we study theology, the second is our work meeting (for homemaking activities), the third, a study of great literature, and the fourth, social science. You say you never heard of any organization giving its members such a broad education? Well, thank you. We think it is wonderful, too, and appreciate it greatly.

Health and nursing have always been of great concern to the Relief Society. As early as 1873, classes were conducted in nursing. Some of the early Relief Society women became doctors and taught nursing, obstetrics, and hygiene. The Relief Society even established a hospital in 1882, called the Deseret Hospital, which served the community for some years.

IF you will just sit here a minute, I would like to tell you of two or three of the distinctive projects the Relief Society women have carried on.

One was the promotion of sericulture, or the raising of silkworms. Yes, raising silkworms—isn't that unusual? President Brigham Young felt very strongly that the people should make the things they wore and used, so, in 1875, he called Zina Young to this mission. (This is Sister Young's portrait.) A large cocoonery was built south of the city in which to raise the silkworms, and Sister Young herself was the first one to take charge of it. She was successful in this venture, even though the worms were very repugnant to her, as we can well imagine. The Legislature provided for a bounty on cocoons, which encouraged the project. Acres of mulberry trees were planted in various communities, and for several years the industry flourished. Then the bounty was discontinued, interest waned, and finally the venture terminated. But many of those early articles made of the silk are still preserved. *The Woman's Exponent* says that Susan B. Anthony proudly wore a dress made of Utah silk, presented to her by Relief Society women.

Oh, you have read about Susan B. Anthony? Yes, she was the great suffrage leader. She and Dr. Anna Howard Shaw came to Salt Lake City during the time the suffrage movement was on. You see, Utah women were the first in the United States to vote, and Relief Society women were very active in the cause of suffrage. Several of

them were "excellent speakers and good reasoners," and because of their political experience and privileges, became prominent in the National Woman Suffrage movement.

Today, the Relief Society is affiliated with the National Council of Women, of which you know. In fact, the Relief Society became a charter member of the National and International Councils in 1891, and has retained membership ever since. Several of our Relief Society women have held executive offices in the National Council, the most recent being President Spafford's appointment to the office of second vice-president in October 1952. Yes, it is a great honor and distinction.

Another unique assignment given to Relief Society was that of saving grain. President Brigham Young, in 1876, called Emmeline B. Wells (this is her portrait) to carry out this mission. Sister Wells looks like a fragile little piece of Dresden, doesn't she? But she was a veritable dynamo of energy—courageous and brilliant. She was to begin, President Young said, by writing the strongest editorial she could in *The Woman's Exponent*. As usual, the Relief Society women took up the assignment with a will. They raised wheat, bought wheat with their funds, and went into the fields and gleaned, filling their aprons with the overlooked stalks of grain.

This storing of grain went on for a period of almost forty-five years, and much grain was stored. Some was used to relieve distress in times of disaster. Then came a time during World War I when the United States Government needed wheat, and at the Government's request,

the Relief Society sold it over two hundred thousand bushels. When President Woodrow Wilson was in Salt Lake City in 1919, he visited Emmeline B. Wells to thank her personally on behalf of the Government, for the Relief Society wheat.

You say they told you down at Welfare Square something about Relief Society wheat in speaking of the grain elevator, but you did not understand the connection? There certainly is a connection. When the Relief Society wheat was sold to the Government the money was put in a trust fund for the Relief Society, and, in 1940, when the Church erected the huge elevator, wheat was again bought with Relief Society money and is being stored against another time of need.

Before the time of your appointment with Sister Spafford, let's walk down the hall and look in this doorway. Here is the mailing room of *The Relief Society Magazine*—the official monthly publication of our society. It has over 113,000 subscribers, all over the world, and contains the lesson courses of the society, editorials, articles by Church Authorities, fiction and poetry by Latter-day Saint women, homemaking helps, and instructions to Relief Societies all over the world. Let me present you with this month's copy. It will help you to become better acquainted with Relief Society. The forerunner of *The Relief Society Magazine* was *The Woman's Exponent* that you have heard me mention already. It was a magazine of excellent quality, first issued in 1872, and was the second woman's publication west of the Mississippi River.

Now, I would like you to take a look at an architect's sketch of our new Relief Society Building. Yes, it will soon be reality. It is a dream building which is finally coming true. The idea first began many years ago. The first Church buildings here in the valley were very small, often only one room and there was no space in which the Relief Society women could do their quilting, remodeling clothing, making of burial clothes, and other activities, so they used to build their own little halls, raising money in many ingenious ways. One of these ways was referred to as "Sunday eggs." The women contributed all their eggs laid on Sunday for the erection of their Relief Society halls. They said it seemed the hens laid better on Sunday than on any other day. Then, later, a great need was felt for permanent headquarters for this fast-growing organization and, in 1896, President Zina Young launched a proposal for a Relief Society building, and Relief Society women began making donations toward it. They thought they were going to have this building in which we are now, but as it turned out, it was needed for other Church offices, so we have only this second floor. In one year, however, Relief Society members raised

over \$500,000 to help erect a Relief Society building. The new building is to be built on the northwest corner of this very block. We are all eagerly awaiting the fulfillment of this dream.

You would like to become a member? Well, we would surely be happy to have you. No, you don't have to be a member of the Church, although most of our members are. Any woman of good report may be voted in as a member. You ask about the ages of our members? Why, all ages are equally welcome and all receive great benefit through the great program. Some have had the idea that Relief Society was for older women, but that is not true at all. Many of our most successful groups are made up of very young mothers. There is much in Relief Society to help them become better mothers and homemakers and great joy is experienced through service. We need all ages—all learning and all working together.

Oh, here is the secretary saying President Spafford is ready to meet you. Oh, you are very welcome. I have thoroughly enjoyed my visit with you, and I'm happy that you also have enjoyed it and have been impressed by the greatness of Relief Society. I will see you later.



Midnight Moon

Grace Barker Wilson

A midnight moon hangs high in desert skies,
The hazy, far horizon disappears;
On solitary buttes a silence lies
Intense enough to stir a soul to tears.

Third Prize Story
Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Marcie's Pink Taffeta

Norma Wrathall

BERTHA Carlisle flipped an elastic band around the fifth grade's arithmetic papers. It was nearly five o'clock, and work yet to be written on the board. "It's this everlasting rehearsing for the spring festival that does it," she grumbled aloud, pressing so hard on the chalk that it creaked in protest, and crumbled in her fingers. "Oh, dear!" As she bent to retrieve it, she was startled by a shuffling around. "Why, Marcie Morgan! I thought you'd gone home?"

"Uh—no, Miss Carlisle. I've been here practically an hour." Marcie wriggled with embarrassment, and held out the bits of chalk she'd picked up.

"Well, my goodness. I guess I was too busy to notice you. Just drop the bits in the waste basket, Marcie. I'll have to use another piece. If you want to help me, you might water the plants. Be careful, now—don't drown them. And just water the ones that need it."

Presently, she was aware of the child again standing beside her, one foot awkwardly rubbing against the other leg. "Uh—Miss Carlisle—that's sure a pretty blouse."

"Well, thank you, Marcie . . ."

"Uh—Miss Carlisle—I wanted to ask you something. It's about the spring festival."



NORMA WRATHALL

Miss Carlisle dusted off her hands. "Yes—what is it?"

Marcie swallowed past a certain place in her throat, and with an awkward gesture, pushed the bangs up from her eyes. "Well, Ma'am—I haven't got a part in the festival—and I wondered if I could—could have a part?" The last words came in a desperate sort of gulp, and color showed under the sallow tan of Marcie's cheeks.

Bertha Carlisle was tired; it seemed, sometimes, that every child in the room wanted something of

her every moment of the day. She tried to keep her voice from sounding sharp. "I know, Marcie, but everyone can't have an individual part. You're in the chorus, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am. I've been in the chorus every single year since I was in the first grade, and every time Miss Redford won't let me sing out loud because I'm a—a—megatone."

"A monotone, Marcie," murmured Miss Carlisle, looking thoughtfully at the child, and realizing that it was so. "Well, at least you are in the festival. And you can wear the costume of a fairy. Won't that be nice?"

"But, Miss Carlisle! I don't want to be a fairy. I don't even look like one. All the kids say I'm too tall to be a fairy. I—I—want to play a piano solo." Marcie's face had become very red at the enormity of her request, and at the supreme effort it had cost her to make it.

MISS Carlisle looked at the child before her with new interest. She saw the familiar sallow-brown face, the straight dark hair that somehow never seemed to conform to the contours of the face it should have adorned, the uneven bangs that were forever falling over Marcie's eyes and having to be brushed back with a thin, bony hand. She tried to imagine Marcie's fingers drawing music from the keys of a piano.

"Why, Marcie," she said slowly, "I didn't know you played the piano. . . ."

"Oh, yes, Miss Carlisle; I've taken lessons quite a long time; and I know a real pretty piece; honest I

do. And mama has made me a new dress for the festival—pink taffeta, with ruffles." Marcie's breath was now spent, and she swallowed painfully, and looked up at her teacher.

Miss Carlisle busied her hands at straightening her desk, and searched her mind for words to make her refusal as gentle as possible. She tried to recall something of Marcie's background, and remembered that the child lived at the outskirts of the little community, that she had no brothers or sisters in school, that her mother was a large, plain-faced, grim-visaged woman who had occasionally appeared at school on parent's day, and who had been known to send notes to the principal's office complaining of Marcie's low grades.

She looked up at the child again, and opened her mouth to speak, when she happened to peer deeper into the small dark eyes, and glimpsed something that was more than eagerness. For just an instant, she saw something lonely and forlorn, mixed in with long-endured hope.

"Well, now, Marcie, I think that would be nice. I'll speak to Miss Redford about it in the morning," she heard herself saying.

Marcie gave a little gasp. One hand flew to her mouth. "Oh, thanks—that's—that's—uh, goodbye, Miss Carlisle."

Her feet stumbled over each other as she hurried from the room. Not until later did Miss Carlisle realize that the child must have deliberately missed the bus, and had a long walk home, in order to make her request.

It was not until after a harrowing rehearsal period the following day that Bertha Carlisle had an opportunity to mention the matter to the school's veteran music teacher.

Miss Redford, who was sitting on the piano bench with her head in her hands, slowly uncovered her eyes and looked at her colleague.

"If I didn't know you so well, Bertha, I'd say you were slipping. Surely you of all people know how I—how all of us—have worked to bring out the beautiful unity of this performance. The birth of spring—the unfolding of the flowers—the awakening of the earth . . . How in the world are we going to put in the kind of piano solo which, obviously, Marcie could play? If she can play one? Because, if there's any music in her, I've never been able to get it out!"

Miss Redford covered her eyes again; sometimes, as now, she felt the full weight of fifteen years of teaching.

"I know, Redford. I felt the same way when she asked me. But there's something about the poor child—I think Marcie has a fine personality, hidden under that awkwardness. And think what it would be like, to be almost totally unattractive. She's never had a part in anything. We could let her play it right at the first, after the curtain is drawn back, just before Peter Rabbit hops across the stage."

Miss Redford gave a small shudder.

"And, besides, her mother has made her a new dress for the occasion. Pink taffeta. And—I've already told her she could play."

"Well, if you've told her—but wouldn't you think they'd have asked us, before making the dress? I leave it entirely to you. And you can tell Mr. McQueen about it. I've bothered the poor man enough as it is." She rose limply, and started from the music room.

Miss Carlisle didn't worry about Mr. McQueen. She knew that the principal of the school was too preoccupied with weightier matters to concern himself with details.

THE days preceding the festival crowded into each other, with teachers and pupils alike becoming more harried with each busy hour. The supply room became a rainbow of crepe paper costumes; the music room gradually filled with properties loaned by teachers and pupils; the shop department was cluttered with newly painted scenery.

Looking back, Miss Carlisle didn't know just when it was that she began to feel uneasy about Marcie's solo. It was Monday-afternoon, the week of the festival, that she said to the child, "Marcie, we are planning to have a complete rehearsal tomorrow afternoon, all the scenes and all the music and everything. Will you be prepared to play your solo?"

Marcie brushed back her bangs, and rubbed one foot against the other leg. "I—uh—I guess I can . . ." she gulped.

"But, Marcie, you told me a week ago that you knew it really well. Now, don't be nervous about it. Just have it prepared for tomorrow."

The following day, Marcie was absent from school.

Miss Redford moaned, "Oh, dear—the backdrop for the dance of the elves isn't even started, and the programs have been mislaid at the printers—what was it you said?"

Afterward, Miss Redford said that she wasn't too surprised, in a way. And Mr. McQueen suggested vaguely that perhaps they could give Marcie a chance at some later time, when the whole thing had blown over

But Bertha Carlisle, holding the office phone to her ear, felt sick with dismay as the voice of Marcie's mother rasped in her ear, "Play a piano solo? Marcie? Why, she's never had a lesson in her life—why, we haven't even got a piano. I never heard of such a thing!"

"Well, I don't understand. There must be some mistake"

"Mistake? Well, more than that I'd say," boomed the voice in her ear, "it's just a lie—that's what it is. I don't hold with youngsters telling lies—you can be sure she'll be punished for it"

Miss Carlisle replaced the receiver and glanced at her watch. There was time enough to drive down to Marcie's home. There must be some explanation. As she drove along in the spring twilight, her mind searched back over her association with Marcie.

THE old frame house was set back from the road. As Miss Carlisle walked up the dusty path, she saw a dark, tear-stained face move away from the window.

Mrs. Morgan was alone in the kitchen. After greeting the teacher, she resumed her work at the table, peeling apples.

Miss Carlisle sat on the edge of the proffered chair. "Well, at least I'm glad Marcie isn't ill. It would be too bad for her to miss the festival, when she's counted on it so much."

Mrs. Morgan laid her peeling knife flat on the table. "For pity's sake! You don't mean you intend to let her be in it? After the lie she's told?"

"I don't think Marcie meant to be untruthful," Miss Carlisle began slowly. "It's just that she wanted so much to have a part that she"

"A lie is a lie, no matter how you look at it. And I hope you teachers don't hold me to blame for what Marcie's done." Mrs. Morgan stabbed fiercely at an apple.

Miss Carlisle thought of the tear-stained face at the window. She remembered the years that Marcie had stood patiently at the edge of every festival chorus, her lips sealed because she was a monotone; of Marcie's awkward ways and constant embarrassment.

"Maybe we're all to blame—you, and I, and the other teachers," she said. "It wasn't a lie Marcie told. It was a wish, that has been bottled up inside her for years—a wish to be recognized—don't you see?"

A look of scornful incredulity flicked over Mrs. Morgan's face. She pointed her peeling knife at the teacher. "You mean, you think Marcie wants to play the piano? Why, she can't carry a tune in a bucket!"

"Not necessarily," said Miss Carlisle quickly. "In fact, we don't consider her to be—especially musical. She just wanted very, very

Norma Wrathall, American Fork, Utah, has contributed stories, articles, and poetry to *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her story "All That Glitters" was awarded first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1942, and her story "The House That Jim Built" received the second prize in 1949. Her work reveals a deep and sure understanding of her characters and a delightful mastery of plot and dialogue, and these elements of successful literary technique are revealed in the following stories: "You Are Never Alone" (November 1945); "The Luxury of Giving" (November 1946); "It's Up to the Women" (June 1947); "A New Stove for Mother" (April 1948); and "Music in the Home" (August 1949), and several other excellent stories.

Mrs. Wrathall writes a brief note regarding her family and her hobbies:

"I was born in Grantsville, and lived there until a few years ago. While in Grantsville, I served in various Church and community activities. My hobbies are writing, music, and reading, but as my family always comes first, I don't have much time for other things. As every mother knows, the work of caring for a family leaves little of the peace and quiet required for creative work! My husband is Morris Y. Wrathall. We have four children, two boys and two girls."

much to have a part. And making a fantastic claim was the only thing she could think of."

"That's no excuse. Maybe Marcie hasn't had as many advantages as other kids, way out here with no one but me and her pa. But at least she's got to tell the truth." The knife swirled recklessly around the apple.

BERTHA Carlisle felt color rising in her cheeks. "Of course, she has! But sometimes it's hard for all of us to know just what the truth is. Please, Mrs. Morgan. Think over what I've said. And don't punish Marcie. She's stood her punishment already." The teacher rose to leave.

Mrs. Morgan dropped the half-peeled apple into her pan, and shoved back her chair. "Well, then, what do you intend to do about it?" she demanded.

Miss Carlisle paused at the door. "I intend to see that she gets a

part—and make her a costume, if necessary. Goodbye, Mrs. Morgan."

She hurried down the path, unmindful of the muttered remark that no schoolteacher was going to tell a mother how to rear her child.

Bertha Carlisle spent her noon hours the rest of the week coaching a grimly determined Marcie to walk across the platform without stumbling. But Mr. McQueen insisted that Mrs. Morgan be asked about buying crepe paper for a costume. Then, if she refused, they'd see what they could do. He didn't want to come to any open break with a parent.

Again, Miss Carlisle held the office phone to her ear, as the now-familiar rasping voice crackled over the wire. "Buy crepe paper for a costume? Well, I should say not! What do you teachers expect?"

"Well, of course, if you feel that you can't"

"Wait a minute! Marcie said how she'd sure like to have a pink taffeta for the play. So I bought her one—ready-made—took all my egg money, too. Only it isn't pink—more of a red. Anybody ought to know Marcie can't wear pink. Now, hold on—I've been thinking over what you said—and another thing, my sister is going to give Marcie a home permanent. Ought to look nice, don't you think?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, indeed!" Weakly, Miss Carlisle replaced the receiver.

* * * * *

THE festival was a beautiful picture of the awakening of spring, the rebirth of hope after winter.

Miss Redford said afterward that the children's voices had never sounded so lovely. But perhaps the happiest one on the stage was the thin, dark girl in the rosy taffeta, her bangs firmly curled above her eyes, her feet shining in new shoes, who walked carefully across the platform to draw the curtain, and to open it again, for each act.

"Looked kinda cute, didn't she?" Mrs. Morgan boomed into Miss Carlisle's tired ear, after the performance. "And you'd never guess what we're getting for Marcie's birthday? A piano! Now, hold on, don't look scared. It's a player piano, with rolls of music that Marcie can play."

* * * * *

Take-Off

Ora Lee Parthesius

The two were one, the boy and scarlet kite,
That wind-swept morning on the balcony,
Each straining upward, past the apple tree,
Where blueness arched its lure of burnished height.

But even as the cord between strained tight,
A plane appeared in azure gleamingly—
And scarlet followed silver—out of sight.

Impressive Entrance

Iris W. Schow

Wise little crocus, simply clad,
To greet the wistful world so soon,
When any flower excites us more
Than will the perfect rose of June!

Salute

Mabel Law Atkinson

While March was sweeping off
The winter's snow,
A bluebird tipped his hat
And called, "Hello!"

Chasing the Rainbow

C. W. McCullough

OF all the scenic wonders of Utah none exercises quite the peculiar appeal and the emotional impact of Rainbow Bridge. This may be due in part to its remote and almost inaccessible location. Or it may be because one must invest more effort, more of himself to get there. But in earning your passage, though the cost is high, the rewards are comparably greater.

Membership in the "I've Been There" club is quite exclusive, and the joining qualifications are not lightly met. According to the Rainbow Bridge National Monument register, only 7,615 persons are known to have looked upon the Rock Rainbow That Spans the Canyon. Since its discovery in 1909, the average visitation has been less than 180 per year. To the initiated, this is quite understandable. There is no easy way to visit Rainbow Bridge, though one has a choice of three routes.

One is by boat down the Colorado or San Juan rivers to the foot of Navajo Mountain, or you may charter a power boat at Lee's Ferry and reach the same point, sixty-eight miles upstream. But if you choose this method of travel, there still remain some seven miles of chasing the rainbow afoot before you reach your goal.

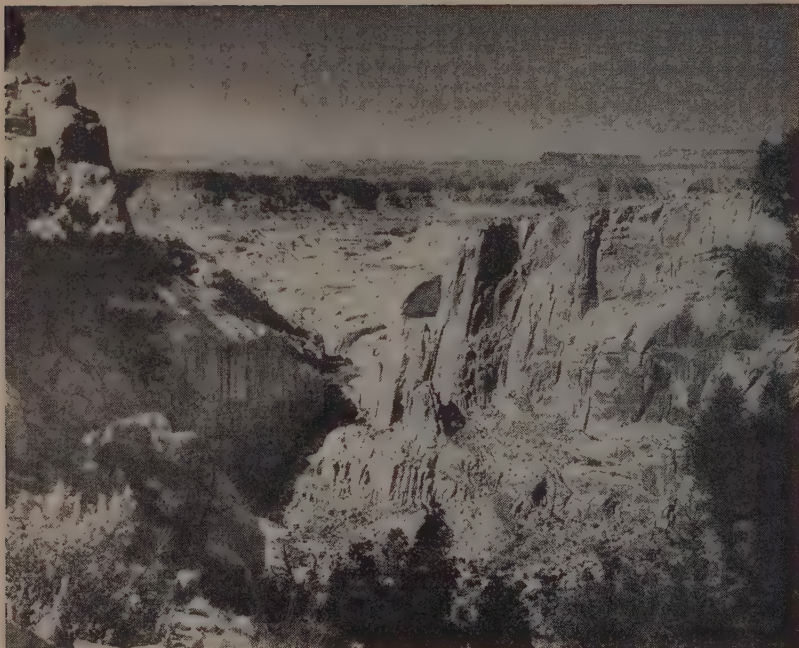
The third alternative, that our party (being landlubbers) chose, involves several hundred miles of driving into Arizona before one reaches Rainbow Lodge, where the soft cushions of an automobile

must be traded for the hard, hard seat of a saddle superimposed upon the back of a long-eared mule.

The road to the lodge follows dirt and graveled trails, stretches of shifting sand, and terrifying winding ledges of slick rock. The last thirty miles are such that the roadwise reduce them to time rather than distance. The truck driver we asked said, "Two hours; it will take you that long." In many places we noted tracks where cars had said "Enough" and turned back. Bill Wilson, the retiring caretaker of the lodge and trail, explained that long before the lodge is reached, the road starts to separate "the men from the boys." Anyone who drives through to the lodge, he assured us, will usually tackle the mule trip.

Rainbow Bridge Lodge is located near the northern border of the Navajo Indian Reservation. Situated picturesquely on a bench below the towering hulk of Navajo Mountain, it commands a sweeping view of the upper reaches of Forbidden Canyon. The timing of our arrival was propitious. We were enabled to spend a little time in contemplation of an amazing sunset that splashed bold brushmarks of pink and purple across this torn and twisted land. Somewhere, we knew, in this maze of erosion stretching to the Colorado was hidden the end of our trail, Rainbow Bridge.

The dinner bell cut short our visioning of the morrow before the mind began to consider the sinister



Josef Muench

RAINBOW TRAIL

Looking down Cliff Canyon in the rugged chasm land of the Colorado River country

matter of negotiating canyons and cliffs a-back of a mule. By the time we had met our hosts, Merritt and Nona Holloway and Catherine and Bill Wilson, had partaken of a bounteous meal, spent an hour in talk and the conjuring of maps, night had blotted out the view, and we slept, oblivious of mere mules, canyons, and trails.

BUT, after breakfast in the morning, the inevitable mules, all saddled and accoutered, were waiting outside the lodge door. Our mounts were assigned us. We clambered aboard, and there was no turning back.

"The Rainbow Bridge Streamliner now leaving on track one," our guide, Merritt Holloway, announced blithely.

"Streamliner, hah!" I protested, as my heavy-footed mount thudded along at the end of the string. But I had to admit that our Pullmans were vista-domed.

For a few miles the trail to Rainbow Bridge kids you along as it zigzags through a series of draws that drain the northern slopes of Navajo Mountain. But once across the Arizona line and in Utah, one readily understands why so few of the Navajos who live in the area have ever seen the bridge. From

an elevation of 6,480 feet, at the crest of Cliff Canyon, the trail drops 2,200 feet in about two miles. No one has seen fit to measure the additional mileage involved in the bounce that the plodding mules impart to their vista-domed passengers.

From the viewpoint above Cliff Canyon, one looks out over a weird plateau world lined and cross-lined into endless miles of closely situated knobs that resemble most of all a huge pan of Mom's biscuits. The descent from the rim took us to the bottom of the pan, where we realized that the lines and cross-lines were, in reality, mighty canyons gnawed out and bulldozed by the same relentless forces that fash-

ioned the graceful arch of Rainbow Bridge.

Our brief bit of easy trail along the floor of Cliff Canyon came to an end abruptly when Merritt led a column right up a narrow defile known as Redbud Pass. The redbud trees were in bloom at the time, so we could not question that part of the name. But as a pass, it certainly strained the imagination. In our experience, we had come to consider that trails should have at least a speaking resemblance to a ramp. This supposition was rudely shattered by Redbud Pass, which takes its cue from stairsteps. The mules negotiate these stairways with a disdainful sangfroid, but the



Photograph by Al Morton

RAINBOW BRIDGE, NEAR THE COLORADO RIVER, UTAH

effect in the vista dome may well be left to the reader's imagination.

AT the foot of the stairs we were in Bridge Canyon, but still miles from our destination. We relaxed as best we could to the smoother travel, but to the saddle-numbed, the distance stretched on interminably, and the glory of the multicolored towering walls that lined the chasm was largely lost upon our souls. Rainbow Bridge better be good after all this, was our grumbling thought, the moment before we caught our first glimpse of its tremendous arch to our left down the canyon. Suddenly, we were new people.

As soon as we reached camp there was a frenzied unpacking of cameras, tripods, and light meters. The afternoon sun was fast dropping behind the high canyon walls. We must not waste any of that precious light. A brisk walk down the trail soon erased saddle stiffness, left the mind free for the task at hand.

Nearing the great structure, for the first time we really sensed its enormous proportions, as we realized that no picture of Rainbow Bridge can ever convey its amazing trinity of enormous bulk, graceful flowing lines, and rich, red colors. No picture will ever let you see Rainbow Bridge as it really is; you must vision it with your own eyes, feel its majesty as it arches proudly over the deep canyon, with ample room to house the National Capitol Building. Then, and then only, can you grasp its living beauty against the backdrop of towering walls around it.

Many men have tried to describe Rainbow Bridge, but words are even more futile than photographic film. J. B. Priestly accounted it "A kind of a symphony, no more to be completely explained by geology than Beethoven is by acoustics." Zane Grey, writer of many words, inscribed the register simply after his fifth visitation, "Nonnenozhel! Nothing as fine." (And turning from the sublime to the ridiculous, one saddle-scarred visitor wrote, "Speechless and seatless.")

In the morning we were up early to set our cameras downstream and catch completely new aspects of the bridge blazoned salmon pink by the sunrise. There was time to study the details of its architecture, the manner of its building. There was time to browse through the register, with its many pages inscribed in ink, pencil, and even in mercurochrome, that called the roll of those who had been there before us.

But soon, all too soon, the saddled mules in the corral told us that it was time for the streamliner to start the homeward journey. The stairway over Redbud must be renegotiated. Then the long climb to the top of Cliff Canyon. We knew the return trip would take longer, but we stopped at the vantage point where we had first glimpsed the bridge we had come so far to see. Then we left it there, lonely and beautiful in its remote canyon habitat, though each of us will carry it with us in our memories to the last day of life.

The simple Indian symbolism tells the true story: *Nonnenozhel!* The Rainbow Turned to Stone.

Deflated Dollar

Frances C. Yost

A COLD, January wind was clawing around the corners of the Bruce Camden home. Inside, Flora Camden sat before the fireplace with her mending basket on her lap, but she was not in the mood for mending. Usually the flames lent the Camden living room a cheerful glow. Tonight, Flora saw only grotesque pictures leaping from the hearth, their weird shapes adding to her fears.

If only I had not let Marty go on that strange baby-tending job, Flora thought. Surely, I could have used the excuse that Bruce was out of town on business for the week end, and pleaded loneliness. Marty is too young to have such responsibility, and, anyway, we don't need the money, Flora chided herself.

"What on earth was I thinking of to let Marty go?" Flora spoke aloud, her eyes haunting the clock as it ticked into the night. Then, with emphasis, she added, "Marty is my only child! The most wonderful child that ever lived! Oh, why did I let her go off like this?" Flora pulled back the drapes and peered into the night. "If only I knew the people. What did Marty say their name was? I don't even know where they live."

* * * * *

THEN, as though it were flashed on television, Flora saw Marty again as she came through the front door from her music lesson. Marty who always had so many words to say they bubbled over one another.

"Mother! Mother! Something

extra wonderful has happened!" Marty rushed in the house and slammed the big oak door to keep out the elements. "Mother! Oh, Mother, where are you?"

"Here in the kitchen, dear," Flora Camden answered. "I'm putting on a lunch for the two of us. Daddy's out of town, you know. What wonderful thing has happened, Marty dear?" Flora paused in her salad making, with the paring knife in her hand. She came to the living room door to see Marty.

"Oh, Mother!" Marty bubbled, flinging her coat on the green platform rocker, and laying her portfolio on the piano bench. "Mother, Mrs. Larsen stopped me on the street and wants a baby sitter. Isn't it wonderful?"

"But you're only a child yourself, Marty, just eleven," Flora expostulated.

"Mrs. Larsen thinks I'm big enough, and she said she knew I was capable. She said she watches me going to and from school, and she says she hopes her little baby grows up to be just like me." Marty's large, soft, childish mouth curved up at the corners, and her dimples winked becomingly. Her light brown eyes had flecks of black in them, and her soft brown hair bobbed gaily in ringlets on her shoulders. Marty was like a breath of springtime in winter.

"I must say this Mrs. Larsen has high ideals, if she wants her little daughter to be as nice as mine." Flora winked at Marty, and they

both giggled. "We'll stop by her house sometime and get acquainted," Flora added.

"But, Mother, Mrs. Larsen wants me tonight. She wants me to stay with her baby. Baby Roene, her name is." Marty's eyes became pools of pleading.

"All right, dear, if you and Mrs. Larsen think you are old enough, why, I'm sure you are. I'll drive you over, after supper." Flora turned back to her salad making.

"But they just live a little ways, I can easily skip over myself, save you getting the car out. The roads are slick as mirrors, and, Mother, I won't have time to eat, they are almost ready to leave now. Mrs. Larsen said I could eat there, and, anyway, Mother, I just came home to tell you."

Marty's voice seemed to rise like a crescendo and gained speed with every syllable. "I just have time for a big kiss, and then I must run."

Marty kissed her mother on the cheek, and before Flora could untangle the flow of words, she had slipped into her coat and was gone.

* * * * *

FLORA picked up the mending and industriously started sewing on buttons. I'm just an old worrier, she thought. I'll make myself sew on buttons and darn socks and act like a grown woman. Why, when I was Marty's age, I walked blocks and blocks, night after night, tending children and doing all sorts of work. Believe me, they didn't call them sitters in those days. A girl never got a chance to know what a chair was.

The past rose up like a storm at sea and engulfed Flora. She felt

herself returning to a scene that time itself had laid aside and graciously forgotten . . .

FLORA Hoppe was fourteen, fourteen with a teen-age need for money in a world deflated with depression. Flora lifted her eyes from her eighth-grade reader and glanced nervously at the schoolroom clock. The hands were moving swiftly to 3:30. That was the time Mrs. Miser had wanted her to come to work, yet Flora hadn't found the courage all day to speak to Miss Thompson about leaving early. Flora fidgeted in her seat.

"Flora Hoppe, will you come to my desk?" Miss Thompson didn't seem angry, but one could never tell about teachers. Flora slid out of her seat, and the eyes of the entire class left their books and followed her the length of the aisle. Flora stood by Miss Thompson's desk until the teacher finished correcting a paper and looked up.

"Flora, you've been watching the clock all afternoon. Is something wrong?" Miss Thompson inquired.

Flora found it hard to ask for favors. "Miss Thompson, may I be excused at 3:30? I mean now. I, I promised I would tend children." Flora felt a lump in her throat.

"You may be excused, Flora, but be sure and take your arithmetic and do all thirty problems." Miss Thompson turned back to the papers she was correcting.

Flora mumbled her thanks and went to the cloakroom for her coat.

It was a long way to the Misers. Flora picked a loping gait. If she went faster, she might fall on the icy sidewalk. A slower walk was uncomfortably cold in January, and,

anyway, she was late. A brisk wind stung Flora's fingers. She made a muff of her sleeves to protect the gloveless hands from the biting cold.

As Flora stepped upon the Miser porch, the door opened. Emma Miser held it ajar. She was a buxom woman, with red hair and freckles, which she tried to camouflage with an overabundance of makeup. "I thought you would never get here, Flora. We're ready to leave."

"It's quite a ways from school," Flora murmured.

"That's quite all right," Emma Miser replied, her mind on the events of the afternoon ahead. "Mr. Miser is backing the car out now. We're running into Salt Lake City to do some shopping and maybe see a show. We won't be late, I'm sure. Things are pretty well done up. I washed this morning. Just watch the little ones and feed them supper. You can find something to fix. Bake the bread, too. It's ready to put in the pans. And you know how Beth Ann likes your stories. Spend a lot of time with Beth Ann. She's your age, Flora, but the poor dear . . ." Emma wiped a tear from her eyes. Thinking of poor, crippled Beth Ann was reason enough to make anyone cry. "Well, we best go."

Emma Miser carefully let her weight down the icy steps. Ron Miser swung the car door open for her, and she eased herself into the front seat.

Flora watched them drive off. She was glad for Emma Miser to have an afternoon free. Life at the Misers was an endless chore of dishes, cooking, caring for little chil-

dren, and lifting crippled Beth Ann. And always there were eggs to wash and case.

FLORA worked her way through the noon dishes piled high in the sink. As she polished the glasses to a gleam, she glanced at four-year-old Tommy piling blocks up for baby Susan to knock over. If they will only entertain themselves until I get these dishes and the washroom cleaned up, Flora thought.

"Sing a song," Tommy begged, as if he had read Flora's thoughts. His red hair and freckles blended, as if the sunshine had sprinkled both with the same brush.

"What song do you want, Tommy?" Flora liked Tommy, though he was as mischievous as a fox.

"I Play Horsey." Tommy's eyes sparkled.

"Well, here goes," Flora chanted merrily. "I play horsey down the street with my broom, down the street. When somebody moves the street, I fall down and go boom." Flora sang the song with all the flourish and all the actions.

"Hal hal!" Tommy clapped with glee, and baby Susan cooed and giggled. "Do it again," Tommy shouted.

"Not now, Tommy. Flora has to clean up the washroom and mix out the bread and bring in clothes from the line, and if there's time before I fix supper, I want to read to Beth Ann." Flora bent over the tasks, one after another, her body useful and graceful at the same time.

When the blocks were put away and the floor nice and clean, and while the bread finished baking,

Flora said, "Let's go in with Beth Ann and listen to a story." She smiled at Tommy, and he took baby Susan's hand to follow lovingly behind her.

Inwardly Flora dreaded being in the same room with the invalid. Beth Ann had grown in body to Flora's height, but never had she known the use of her dangling legs or seen the inside of a school or church. Flora had started reading Uncle Tom's Cabin to her some-time ago, and now Beth Ann looked forward to her coming as a child looks forward to Christmas, clenching the beloved book constantly in her small hands.

Finally the sun was setting, as a warm, crimson light fell on the windows. Flora, remembering the many eggs to be cleaned and cased, closed the book.

"More story," Beth Ann pleaded, her words oddly formed.

Flora read on and on, yet the twilight shadows could not dim the piercing stare as Beth Ann peered at Flora, drinking in her every word for which her mind and spirit thirsted.

It was so late when Flora stopped that she decided to scramble eggs for supper. They were quick and there were always lots of cracked ones. It was good she had thought of stirring up a rice pudding to bake along with the bread! There wouldn't be time now to case the eggs. They would have to wait until the supper dishes were washed and all three children undressed and put into bed.

After the eggs, there would be those thirty arithmetic problems Miss Thompson said must be done. Flora's shoulders ached from the

day's activities, yet the worst was ahead, the undressing and lifting Beth Ann into her bed. So much work remained to be done, and time was running out like the sands in the hourglass on Miss Thompson's desk at school.

FLORA heaved a sigh of relief when Tommy, baby Susan, and Beth Ann were quietly sleeping in their rooms. She got out the large buckets of eggs from the washroom and started casing them, making a sort of game of it. She tried to see how many were good eggs and how many were bad eggs. The bad eggs being the dirty eggs which needed extra attention before they could go in the large cases. Flora wondered if God worked with people the same way, having to cleanse and polish some before they were fit for the kingdom.

Some people said that if one kept the chicken coops clean with new straw, the eggs didn't get dirty and broken. She thought Mr. Miser's coops must be awfully dirty because there surely were lots of dirty and cracked eggs.

Flora wished her folks had chickens. Eggs helped out a lot, and then some to sell would be nice. Times were extra hard for Flora's folks. Poppa's pay check never covered expenses and back debts, never kept the wolf from the door. The old wolf had a clever way of sneaking in and parking himself on Momma's lap to worry her. Flora usually took eggs for pay when she worked for the Misers, because she liked to see Momma's face light up.

It was hard for Momma to cook without eggs. It took eggs for

cakes and pies and puddings and most everything. The whole family was happy, too, after Flora stayed at the Misers, because Momma always cooked eggs for breakfast. Yes, she liked to take eggs home, but it was a bigger sacrifice than any of the family would ever know. A girl Flora's age needed money for clothes and shows, and treats like the other girls.

Flora kept on casing eggs, and her mind kept thinking about money and eggs, eggs and money. Which was the more important? She must decide before the Misers came home. The clock moved on, the eggs, one after another, took their places in Flora's tired hands to be washed, dried, and dropped into the case.

Flora came to with a start. Her fingers were parched and dry. The cloth with which she had been washing the eggs fell from her stiff fingers. She glanced at the egg case. It was full, and the buckets were empty. She had completed her work. But she must have gone to sleep before she did the arithmetic. Was someone speaking?

Flora looked up to find two pairs of eyes upon her. It was the Misers. It must be awfully late. She tried to see the clock, but her tired eyes wouldn't focus. At length she was alert. Mrs. Miser was wearing a new linen dress. Why had she chosen red? It didn't go with her hair. But the sepia china buttons down the front were pretty.

"What do we owe you?" Mr. Miser asked. He always asked that. The Misers knew what work there was to do. Mrs. Miser did the same work every day. Why didn't he just pay her?

The work of the past ten hours raced through Flora's mind: dishes, bread to bake, chasing Tommy, lifting Beth Ann, changing Susan, and constantly tidying up the house, and always there were eggs to case. Surely all this work was worth ten cents an hour.

Mr. Miser repeated his question. "What do we owe you, Flora?"

She must answer Mr. Miser. Flora heard herself speak, yet she hardly recognized her own voice. It was pitched unusually high. "A dollar, Mr. Miser, minus the price of two dozen eggs."

A heavy tense hush followed. Flora realized she should have explained the troubles, the extra work, the song she sang, the stories that took time, Tommy's pranks, but she couldn't tattle on Tommy. Flora felt an aching pain across her shoulders.

What was Mr. Miser saying? "Two dozen eggs, with eggs at twenty-five cents."

Ron Miser emphasized the word cents, as though each cent was a gold piece. Slowly he withdrew his wallet, letting the dollars roll into his open hand. Finally, he found a fifty-cent piece among the silver. He laid it on the table as though to hand it directly to Flora was too painful a parting.

Flora pulled on her faded coat, picked up the sack of eggs, the money, and the arithmetic book. As she let herself out of the door the Misers murmured, "Good night." Flora said the words, too, but it was more morning than night. Closing the door behind her, she knew, with the intuition of an adult, that

the Misers wouldn't be needing her again.

January's chill met Flora at the open door and walked with her all the way home. The cold penetrated through her thin coat and pained her tired bones. The four blocks of newly fallen snow loomed like an ocean before Flora. Her weary legs, urged on by the fear of lurking shadows and dark clouds, picked up speed. Then, remembering the eggs, Flora settled her pace to a steady walk. She must not break a single egg. There wouldn't be any more eggs, not from the Misers, anyway. Flora used the sleeve of the faded coat to wipe away a persistent tear. She rested the sack of eggs on the arithmetic book under her arm. She clenched the fifty-cent piece in her other cold hand. Together they made a deflated dollar.

* * * * *

FLORA Camden finished the mending and the darning. She even started crocheting on the pillowcases she was making for the Relief Society bazaar. Her shoulder felt more tired than she had known for years and years, as she squirmed to relieve the pain.

Then she set aside the pillowcases. I can't sit here any longer not knowing where my Marty is, Flora thought. Larsens, that's the name Marty said. Now if they lived close enough for her to skip over—Marty did say she passed their house on her way to and from school I have it, I'll look up all the Larsens in the telephone directory, the one in this section of town will no doubt be the right one. Flora searched for the telephone book.

Just then the front door opened, and there stood Marty and a strange young man. Marty was wearing an even broader smile than usual, and both dimples were winking mischievously. "Mother, this is Mr. Larsen, Mr. Bill Larsen. They just live in the next block, but he insisted on driving me home."

Flora and young Mr. Larsen acknowledged the introduction, and he was gone.

"Oh, Marty, I'm so glad you are home!" Flora threw her arms around Marty's waist and held her close. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, just grand, Mother. I didn't have to do a single thing. Baby Roene was asleep when I got there. I watched a television show, then I looked at their Book of Knowledge, and then I just went to sleep.

"I'm glad you had your sleep. Schoolgirls need sleep to do arithmetic." Flora felt a boundless joy in just having Marty in the room and safe. What was she saying?

"Mother, and guess what? I told Bill, I mean Mr. Larsen, that fifty cents was plenty, but do you know what he said?" Marty laughed luxuriously.

"What did he say?" Flora smiled in response, a thrill of motherhood coursing through her veins as she watched Marty.

"Why, he said, 'My goodness, Marty girl, our baby is worth lots more than fifty cents.' And he squeezed this dollar, a brand, new dollar into my hand. He just made me take it, Mother."

Marty's brown eyes were like saucers, and between her thumb and forefinger she held up a 1953 inflated dollar.



Grant M. Haist

SNAKE RIVER AND THE GRAND TETONS, WYOMING



How Shall I Say Your Name?

Lael W. Hill

How shall I say your name
With its full meaning?

Once I stood by a stream
Where an old tree, leaning
Above a quiet place, caught
And sifted its flowing
Into cool syllables. But
I stood unknowing

I walked slant, twisted trails
Past red cliff-faces
Where the blaze of noon spills
Through time—sculptured spaces

To green pines, and ferns
That rustle and glisten.
Warmth echoed down tall stones.
I did not listen

Somehow I even missed
High, thin air singing
Your name-song It is lost
As the first bird's winging—
Even now, in this breathless time
Of holding you nearest.

How shall I say your name,
My dearest?

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, March 1, and March 15, 1893

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

PASSING THOUGHTS: It has been a very long, tedious winter and one grows tired even of the cheery fire and the long evenings when the storm blows outside and we gather round the hearth, and eat pop-corn and molasses candy and tell stories and sing songs, for winter has trespassed so far onto the would be spring time that, in truth, the pop-corn is gone, the molasses jug is empty and the stocks of stories and songs are well nigh exhausted and we long for the spring and the return of the birds, that new songs may be sung, new stories learned, new crops raised to replenish the stores for another winter. —Camelia

PRESIDENT WOODRUFF'S PARTY: The evening of the first of March was a red letter day in the family of President Woodruff on account of the celebration of his eighty-sixth anniversary. The party was made up of a few of his old-time companions and fellow laborers in the Gospel, some with whom he had traveled many thousands of miles on land and sea . . . for this and many other reasons he is very greatly revered by this people, as well as for the position he holds as President of the Church. . . . The day was also the anniversary of the birth of Sister Emma Woodruff, who shared with her husband the honors of this happy celebration. —Editorial

BLESSED ARE THEY WHO SOW

Blessed are they who dig and hew
Foundation stone and beam,
And build fair homes for spouses true,
Where hearth-fires warmly gleam;
Who blessings ask on plow and seed,
On ox and furrowed plain,
And call on One to give the mead
Of sunshine and of rain.

ITEMS FROM ST. GEORGE: I'll write you a short account of a trip just taken by Mrs. Ann C. Woodbury, Julia H. Ivins, Clara C. Cannon, of Salt Lake, and myself. We . . . visited five of the settlements on the Rio Vergin River and invited the other two small towns to meet with us . . . thus we were able to meet with the . . . associations (Relief Society, Mutual Improvement and Primary Associations) . . . and found them all doing a good work; and all showed an interest in contributing in every way possible to the World's Fair. From the river settlements we went via Bellevue to Harmony back to Bellevue and Leeds, meeting with same organizations in these places . . . We traveled one hundred and sixty-seven miles, held fourteen meetings in one week and returned home safely feeling well paid for our time and hard riding over "Dixie Roads." —Mollie Judd

FAMILY RELATIONS: Now let the daughters of Zion who are the daughters of God, give heed to their ways that they be not found allied to any one only by virtue of an everlasting covenant, confirmed and sealed by an everlasting priesthood . . . —S. W. Richards



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

ALEXANDRINE, Queen Mother of Denmark, died in January 1953, at the age of seventy-three. Mother of the present monarch, Frederick, Alexandrine was queen from 1912 to 1947.

IN Egypt the movement for women's suffrage has taken a big step forward with the recognition, by the Ministry of Interior, of the Daughters of the Nile as a political party with its own political and social program. In Sweden the number of women in the Swedish Riksdag (Parliament), after the recent general elections, is thirty-three, or nearly one-tenth of the total membership.

TWO young American women won the top awards for sculpture and etching at a recent show for foreign artists in Rome, Italy. The prize winners were Cornelia B. Foss of Bloomington, Indiana, for her bronze sculptures, and Ynez Johnston of Berkeley, California, for her etchings.

THE world's champion woman skater is Jeanette Altwegg, a British citizen, who is at present a children's nurse in Switzerland.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Melissa Ann Wells Dial ninety-seven, Mrs. Caroline Wayman Newman, ninety-six, Mrs. Annie Peterson Brown, ninety-four, Mrs. Nans S. Richardson, ninety-one, and Ann Barnes Layton and Karen Peterson Andersen, ninety.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II won the award of Woman of the Year for 1952. The choosing is done by the editors and the managing editors of the Associated Press. The women chose Mrs. Eisenhower, but the men were for the Queen. Their vote was preponderant.

ALL women of Lebanon with a primary education have recently been given the right to vote. In fact, non-voters can be fined.

MRS. JOHN B. SULLIVAN, newly elected Democratic Congresswoman from Missouri, is the State's first woman member of Congress.

IN Japan, South Africa, the British West Indies, and the Philippines, teen-age girls are doing a splendid work collecting funds for community welfare drives, helping in hospitals, and performing various other tasks.



Dwight D. Eisenhower Inaugurated President of the United States

ON Tuesday, January 20, 1953, Dwight D. Eisenhower became the thirty-fourth President of the United States. For the first time in history millions of people throughout the United States of America were enabled, through television, to see the inaugural ceremonies as they took place in Washington, D. C. It is a significant development, of far-reaching importance, that school children in distant cities, and even in remote villages throughout the country, were permitted to see the President take the oath of office, and to view at close range the ceremonies which gave our nation a new Chief Executive, elected by democratic processes and installed in his high office by ceremonies one hundred and sixty-four years old. Other millions in our own country and abroad, and even our soldiers in the Korean hills, heard the resolute and confident voice of President Eisenhower repeating the oath of office and the stirring call to duty expressed in his inaugural message.

Early in the morning, before the momentous proceedings were televised, the future President and Vice-President, with their wives, cabinet members, and close associates, attended religious services in Washington's historic National Presbyterian Church, where many other Presidents have worshipped. There, solemn words from the Bible

were read, expressing the Savior's answer to a question on authority asked by the mother of James and John:

Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant (Matthew 20:25-27).

After this reverential service, the man who would that day assume the Presidency of the nation, accompanied by his wife, arrived at the White House.

There, before an estimated 150,000 persons massed on the approaches to the Capitol, the majestic ceremonies began. The day was beautifully clear, and a festive, yet reverent spirit pervaded the beloved city on the Potomac. Eager, upturned faces awaited the words of the man who had been called to the highest office in the nation.

The forty-year-old Vice-President, Richard M. Nixon of California, was sworn into office by Senator Knowland.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Fred M. Vinson, in the black robes of his high office, administered the Presidential oath to President Eisenhower. Standing on the outdoor platform bearing the seal of the United States, with the dome of the

Capitol rising back of him, in reverence and devotion, Dwight David Eisenhower raised his right hand, and, placing his left hand upon a Bible, repeated the oath.

Two Bibles lay upon the pulpit before the new President—one the revered Bible which President Washington used—and the other the Eisenhower family Bible.

Immediately following this ritual, sacred to generations of Americans, the new President stepped over and kissed his wife—Mamie Dowd Eisenhower, mother of their son, Major John Eisenhower, who had been granted leave from his post in Korea by President Truman to witness his father's inauguration.

Before beginning his formal address, the President asked all those assembled to bow their heads while he petitioned the Heavenly Father to grant him a full and complete dedication to the service of the American people and "their fellow citizens everywhere." Thus Dwight D. Eisenhower prayed for guidance in his hour of destiny:

Give us, we pray, the power to discern right from wrong and allow all our words and actions to be governed thereby and by the laws of this land . . . that all may work for the good of our beloved country and thy glory.

Although the President appeared in dignified and thoughtful mien throughout the ceremonies, in his address he spoke as the confident leader of a land which holds the hopes of all the free world.

Since this century's beginning, a time of tempest has seemed to come upon the continents of the earth . . . We bring all our wit and will to meet the question: How far have we come in man's long pilgrimage from darkness toward light? Are we nearing the light—a day of freedom and peace for all mankind? Or are

the shadows of another night closing in upon us?

President Eisenhower outlined nine guiding principles which reflect not only the elements of compass and direction, but also a conviction that, by fervent effort, man can achieve his ideals.

In closing, the President called upon the citizens of the United States to assume and fulfill their individual responsibilities and devote themselves to the welfare of the nation:

Whatever America hopes to bring to pass in the world must first come to pass in the hearts of America. More than an escape from death, it is a way of life. More than a haven for the weary, it is a hope for the brave. This is the hope that beckons us onward in this century of trial. This is the work that awaits us all, to be done with bravery, with charity—and with prayer to Almighty God.

It is a commentary on the democratic way of life that the two living ex-Presidents, Herbert Hoover and Harry S. Truman, sat near President Eisenhower at the front of the stand throughout the inauguration ceremonies.

Many Latter-day Saints attended the inaugural ceremonies. Of particular interest was the attendance of President David O. McKay and Sister McKay, as guests of the new Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, a member of the Council of the Twelve. President McKay commented:

I thought the President's inaugural address was an outstanding presentation of the conditions. His introduction to the speech with a prayer typified the spirit of his administration. It demonstrates his sincerity and his fundamental honesty. This spirituality is what the world needs. I think it is the turning point in United States, if not in world history.

—V. P. C.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1952

ORGANIZATIONS

<u>Mission</u>	<u>Formerly Part of</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Central American	Mexican Mission	Elizabeth W. Romney	October 4, 1952
<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Formerly Part of</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Bountiful	South Davis Stake	Leila G. Eldredge	March 23, 1952
Detroit	Great Lakes Mission Canadian Mission	Lenore P. Dalley	November 9, 1952
East Ogden	Mount Ogden Stake Ogden Stake	Belva J. Petersen	December 7, 1952
East Sharon	Sharon Stake	Jane B. Larsen	December 10, 1952
El Paso	Mount Graham Stake Western States Mission Spanish-American Mission	Della O. Taylor	September 1, 1952
Gooding	Blaine Stake	Geraldine Terry	April 20, 1952
Lorin Farr	Ben Lomond Stake	Emma L. Stephens	November 16, 1952
Mount Rubidoux	San Bernardino Stake	Lola H. Sedgwick	October 26, 1952
Riverdale	Lake View Stake Weber Stake	Nona W. Slade	December 7, 1952
San Jose	Palo Alto Stake Northern California Mission	Barbara D. Howell	November 30, 1952
Tacoma	Seattle Stake Northwestern States Mission	Luella C. Ricks	September 28, 1952

REORGANIZATIONS

<u>Missions</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Argentine	Leonor J. Brown	Amy Y. Valentine	November 5, 1952
Australian	Myrtle J. Christensen	Leah B. Liljenquist	November 6, 1952

<u>Missions</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
British	Jane T. Richards	Elizabeth B. Reiser	June 13, 1952
Central Atlantic States	Mabel A. Price	Mabel M. Nalder	January 11, 1952
Danish	Minnie B. Sorensen	Mary G. Sorensen	July 16, 1952
Eastern States	Helen Beth Henrichsen	Eva C. Taylor	February 28, 1952
Netherlands	Lillian D. Lillywhite (died Dec. 22, 1951)	Ada S. VanDam	April 16, 1952
Northern States	Lucy T. Andersen	Nettie P. Smoot	December 23, 1952
Norwegian	Grace M. Gowans	Sigrid H. Andresen	May 23, 1952
Samoan	Myrtle L. Paul	Rita H. Stone	December 15, 1952
South African	Jean D. Wright	Nora C. Duncan	November 7, 1952
Southern States	Rula W. Choules	Emily E. Ricks	February 28, 1952
Swiss-Austrian	Lenora K. Bringhurst	Johanna B. Perschon	November 21, 1952
Tahitian	Muriel R. Mallory	Vilate B. Pearce	March 25, 1952

<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Alberta	Margaret N. Low	Lenore S. McNaughton	October 12, 1952
American Falls	Louise H. Woolley	Vera Barkdull	October 19, 1952
Ben Lomond	Ora Macfarlane	Eleanor T. Nielsen	December 3, 1952
Benson	Leona R. McCarrey	Mabel H. Pond	August 24, 1952
Chicago	Louise D. Williams	Edith Y. Harris	May 12, 1952
Cottonwood	Madeleine P. Stevens	Elaine B. Curtis	August 12, 1952
Garfield	Daphne B. Smith	Alta S. Wiltshire	August 4, 1952
Gunnison	Iva Dean Fjeldsted	Ruth P. Christiansen	April 27, 1952
Highland	Florence M. Holland	Hazel B. Tingey	May 25, 1952
Juab	Lyle C. Pratt	Martha C. Eager	May 18, 1952
Lake View	Fern B. Fowers	Esther (Beth) McEntire	June 29, 1952
Lethbridge	Gertrude F. Jensen	Amelia P. Johansen	August 17, 1952
Los Angeles	Alice A. Call	Marion N. Pinkston	September 20, 1952
Maricopa	Vida D. Brinton	Esther Miller	December 14, 1952
Millard	Faymetta S. Prows	Laura S. Beckstrand	June 8, 1952
Moapa	Emma B. Solomon	Alice Alldredge	October 12, 1952

<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Morgan	Margaret Thackeray	Eva H. Jensen	October 9, 1952
Moroni	Anna P. Robertson	Venice F. Anderson	May 4, 1952
Mount Logan	Lovisa H. Maughan	Mae E. Jenkins	June 1, 1952
Mount Ogden	Belva J. Petersen	Cleone Rich Eccles	November 23, 1952
Murray	Esther K. Gunnell	Ida A. Gallagher	October 14, 1952
Oahu	Sadie Kamaile Kauhini	Miriam W. Knapp	January 1, 1952
Palmyra	Twila A. Isaac	Fern Brockbank	September 3, 1952
Palo Alto	Ethel M. Beckstrand	Agnes Farnsworth Lindsay	November 30, 1952
Park	Naomi W. Seach	Velma N. Glade	December 14, 1952
Provo	Mazie C. Knell	Orah Van Wagoner	June 29, 1952
St. Johns	Mary H. Gibbons	Mabel W. Shumway	April 5, 1952
San Bernardino	Effie C. Tanner	Cambalena (Lena) Millet	October 26, 1952
San Luis	Lela M. Bailey	Lettie S. Jensen	July 27, 1952
Santa Rosa	Vera Maude Sorensen	Ruth M. Pell	June 8, 1952
Sharon	Jane B. Larsen	Gwen J. Christenson	December 1, 1952
South Davis	Leila G. Eldredge	Ilene S. Bagley	March 23, 1952
Teton	Sadie H. Harris	Merle F. Sewell	June 1, 1952
Woodruff	Esther L. Warburton	Charlotte M. Bur- leigh	November 26, 1952



Official Costume for Singing Mothers

THE official costume of the Singing Mothers as recommended in the Relief Society Handbook is a white blouse and dark skirt. This costume has given a distinctive uniformity to these choruses over the years and throughout many lands, and has received much favorable comment. In view of this recommendation and the fact that Singing Mothers' choruses are receiving ever-increasing recognition, only those pictures which portray the Singing Mothers in the official costume will be accepted hereafter in the Notes From the Field department of the Magazine.

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

The April 1953 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, will be the special short story number, with four outstanding stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"The Bitter Cup," by Angelyn W. Wadley

"Our Own," by Ruth Moody Ostegar

"Pot-Head Kettle," by Velma D. Cloward

"The Lasting Joys" by Sylvia Probst Young



Answer the Call of the American Red Cross

Louis C. Boochiver

Director, Office of Public Relations, The American National Red Cross

EVERY month in the year thousands of people in need or distress reach out to the Red Cross for the help they must have, help that comes from the generous efforts and support of housewives, businessmen, industrial workers, school children, professional workers—your next door neighbors—and countless others who serve their fellow men through the Red Cross.

In a time of tension and cynicism it is well to be reminded of the inherent goodness of people, to call attention to their constant voluntary efforts to make life a little better for the men and women in the armed forces, for hospitalized veterans, for disaster sufferers, and for those in need in other lands.

Although the heart and hands of the Red Cross are provided by hundreds of thousands of volunteers, money is also needed to collect blood; to provide financial assistance for servicemen, veterans, and their dependents; to furnish emergency aid and rehabilitation to disaster victims—services that can be provided only through the voluntary financial support of millions of Americans.

Every March Red Cross volunteers turn to their neighbors and ask help in answering the call of those in need. Let us respond generously to this appeal so that we can answer the call of humanity through our Red Cross.



The most terribly damaging effect of alcohol upon this country and upon every European country, is the impairment of leadership.

The people of America should face the truth, the truth undiluted by the vicious efforts of those having an economic interest in promoting the use of alcohol as a beverage. No total abstainer ever became an alcoholic.

—From *The Clipsheet*

The Family Reunion

THE FAMILY WAS SPLIT WIDE ASUNDER
BUT MOM KNEW JUST THE TRICK TO BRING THEM TOGETHER

Yvonne Child Hiss

IT all started when Uncle Henry got a letter from the central committee asking him to arrange a number from our branch of the family for the family reunion.

Uncle Hen called a meeting at our house to discuss the matter. The family meetings were always held at our house, because the uncles and aunts found it much simpler to bring the meeting to us than to bring us to the meeting (there're ten, going on eleven, in our family).

As soon as Uncle Hen announced his purpose, Aunt Clara stood up and flatly declared that she wasn't going to sing.

The last time Aunt Clara sang at a reunion there was a dog fight right in the middle of her number. Everybody was so interested in the fight that they didn't even listen to Aunt Clara, and, adding injury to insult, one dog ran right up on the bandstand and knocked into her. Aunt Clara had left quickly.

Then Uncle Clint declined to play his violin. He'd had his turn last year, and on the ending trill of his selection a string had popped, flipping him right in the eye, and he'd gone around like Dead-Eye Dick for a week.

Aunt Grace said she couldn't give one of her activated readings, because her arm was broken, and Uncle Pete had got too fat to do

his sleight of hand tricks anymore (any eye could move faster than Uncle Pete). Everyone was tired of Uncle Charlie's jokes, so that just about settled it, there wouldn't be a number from this branch of the family this year.

Nobody even asked us about doing anything because they didn't consider that Mom and Dad had any other talent except rearing children.

Then Uncle Charles lifted his huge frame and made an announcement in his officious sounding voice. "May I make a suggestion? It seems to me that these family reunions are becoming so crowded and long and boring that there's no time for fun anymore. All we do is sit there while one after another complete stranger stands up and says, 'I'm so-and-so, from such-and-such a place, married to so-and-so, son of so-and-so, from the so-and-so line.' It takes the whole reunion just for introductions!"

Uncle Pete blinked his eyes. "Oh, I hadn't noticed that!" he said. (Uncle Pete always went to sleep at reunions, and he never knew a thing that went on.)

"Well it does, it does," repeated Uncle Charlie, warming up as the others nodded in agreement, "and I move that we change the dividing line. Ebenezer Bunk, our grandfather, had twenty-eight children, and with all those twenty-

eight posterities coming to the same reunion, it makes a lot of people."

"I'd say that was a lot of Bunk," said Dad, who was considered the family wit (or half-wit, as the case may be).

Uncle Charlie gave him a withering look. (Charlie's the one who considers Dad the half-wit.) "I move that we change the dividing line to Ebenezer Bunk's sons and have separate reunions for each one."

Everyone agreed, and Uncle Hen was instructed to write this suggestion to the central committee.

Mom was a little disappointed, because she'd secretly written a skit that she hoped her children could put on, but, as usual, she said nothing.

Things stood still for over a month, when Uncle Hen got the letter back from the committee saying they thought the division was a good idea, and that we could try the plan and see how it worked out for this year. They said they'd inform all the sons of Ebenezer Bunk about the change in plans.

Uncle Hen called a meeting at our house again to arrange where to hold our family reunion.

As soon as he announced the purpose of the meeting, Aunt Clara stood up and declared that she couldn't have it at her house because her house was too small.

Aunt Clara's house was a brand new cottage-type house, and I guess it was small all right, but the main reason why Aunt Clara never wanted any gatherings at her house was because of her housekeeping. She is so fussy that anybody that sets foot in her house is followed up by

her vacuum cleaner, for fear he'll drop a grain of dirt. Her walls are lined with doodads and knickknacks, and not one of them has a speck of dust. She dusts from attic to cellar every day!

Aunt Clara always turns up her nose, sniffs, and steps lightly when she comes to our house, because sometimes we have other things beside dirt on our floor. But we all agree that if Clara had eight children, her house would look like a china shop after a bull had been in it! Our house does look better than that, really.

"Well," Uncle Hen said, "there's no need for you to have the reunion at your house, Clara, because I've decided to have it at my house, being as I'm the eldest of the family."

Uncle Charlie stood up and made a magnificent speech, stating that Hen might be the oldest, but his (Charles') house was the largest and finest, and he'd made all the plans to have the reunion at his house.

UNCLE Pete blinked his eyes and said, "I don't know about that, but I think Milt and Edie in California should have it at their house, then we could have a nice trip."

Aunt Grace remarked that she'd be glad to have it, but her arm was broken, so she couldn't; and, furthermore, she thought it would be terribly rude to write and tell Milt and Edie that the whole tribe was coming there for a reunion when Milt and Edie didn't know anything about all this and hadn't offered to have it.

There was a heated discussion, which ended with everyone going home in a huff, saying they weren't going to come at all, which Dad said was an amazing deduction since there was no reunion at all to come to.

No one spoke to anyone except Mom and Dad (who always stayed out of such arguments), then Mom got a letter from Aunt Edie saying that reunion or no reunion, they were coming, because they had arranged to have their vacation start the first of August (reunion day was always August second) and they couldn't change it now.

Mom got us back to working on the skit, and for a week she baked cookies and fruitcakes and bread.

Dad asked why all this furor, and Mom said she just had a feeling. We all knew better than to argue with Mom's feelings.

The day before Uncle Milt and Aunt Edie were to arrive, Mom sent us out to carry watermelons into the milk house to chill.

We carried in ten watermelons, and Mom said there ought to be fifteen. We made it fifteen, and Mom said she thought it ought to be twenty.

Dad protested that this was all foolishness, but Mom said she just had a feeling. Dad said he had a feeling too, a feeling that there were bruises clear to his armpits from carrying watermelons.

We carried in ten more watermelons; that made twenty-five. The next day Uncle Milt and Aunt Edie arrived on schedule. We young ones climbed and clamored and chattered and had a wonderful time.

In a couple of hours Aunt Clara arrived with her usual sniff. "Just

thought I'd come over and say hello to Milt and Edie," she said.

Ten minutes later Uncle Charlie and Aunt Bertha knocked at the door, with their two sons and their wives, and their daughter and her husband, and all the grandchildren.

"Just dropped over to see Milt and Edie," they said.

Ten minutes after that it was Hen and Pearl, then Grace and George, Clint and Lola, and Pete and Margo, all with prolific posterity.

Mom passed the stew and home-made bread, and somehow it seemed to go around.

We were doing the dishes when someone else knocked at the door.

"Who could that be?" asked Mom. She was sure all the uncles and aunts were here.

SHE opened the door, and there stood second-cousin Leah and second cousin-in-law Phil, and their little Sherrie and Phil Jr., and Great-Aunt Sade, all the way from Idaho!

"Oh, Annie," said Leah, "we've been waiting in town at the park all morning. What's happened to the reunion?"

Leah looked to be on the verge of tears, so Mom hurried them in to sit down.

"They called off the big reunion," she explained, "each child of Ebenezer Bunk was to have a separate reunion. Didn't the central committee notify you?"

"Not a word," said Phil.

"They said they notified all the sons of Ebenezer Bunk," boomed Uncle Charlie.

"Well, I'm Ebenezer's daughter," croaked Great-Aunt Sade. "They

may have notified all his sons, but they didn't notify his daughters."

"Well, make yourselves at home," comforted mother, "we're so glad to see you again."

Within the next few hours ten carloads arrived, each bringing bewildered representatives from Ebenezer Bunk's ten unnotified daughters.

The house bulged at the seams, so Mom set chairs out on the back lawn and even into the archard.

"We don't have a planned program," she apologized, "but if you'll all co-operate, maybe we can work one up."

Aunt Clara volunteered to sing first. We almost had another dog fight, but we children sat on the dogs. (I think Aunt Clara's voice infuriates them!)

We heard poems and songs and readings, and everybody was in such a good mood that they even let Uncle Charlie tell a few old jokes.

Mother finished the program with our skit. It was based on the Old Woman in the Shoe, and ended with us all getting soundly spanked. Needless to say, it was a howling success.

Then we served cookies and cake and twenty-five chilled watermelons.

The real problem arose when it came time to bed down all that mob. The uncles and aunts took home a load each to stay at their houses, even Aunt Clara, and Mom made beds all over our house.

We children were going to sleep in the barn, with Dad as overseer. We were pretty excited, but I was worried because Mom wasn't look-ink too well.

WE had all the company bedded down, when Aunt Clara sneaked in, sniffing audibly. "I became so excited getting all those people settled in my little house that I forgot to leave a bed for myself," she moaned.

Mom led her in. "You can have this bed," she said, "it's all ready for you." (It was Mom's bed.)

Then Mom took my hand, and we started out to the barn where Dad was settling the brood.

Suddenly Mom gripped my shoulder like a vise. "You run and bring your Father. Hurry!" she cried.

Believe me, I ran, and when I told Dad you can bet he ran, too!

When all those relatives heard the news the next morning, nothing would do but that they all had to go to the hospital to see the new baby!

"Goodness!" a nurse gasped as we poured in the north entrance.

"Looks like an invasion from Mars," said the doctor grimly, as he marched toward us, looking for all the world as if he expected to be mowed down by a ray gun at any minute. "What is this," he demanded, "mass hysteria or poisoned picnic food?"

"Neither," boomed Uncle Charlie, "it's a new baby."

"Oh, really," said the doctor, "which one of you?"

"None of us," explained Dad, "we're here to see the Holden baby."

"All of you?"

"All of us."

The doctor was not to be cowed. "You'll have to go two at a time, hospital rules."

"Did you plan on extending the visiting hours then?" asked Dad, eying the crowd with a lifted eyebrow.

"Well," said the doctor, "three at a time?"

Dad lifted the other eyebrow.

"Four at a time," said the doctor, "and that's all."

Dad and I decided to let all the others take their turns first, so we waited in the hall. When most of them had finished, we headed down the hall to the nursery to see the baby.

UNCLE Charlie was so proud you'd have thought it was his. "It's a fine boy," he boomed at Dad, "a fine boy!"

"Boy?" sputtered Dad, "It's a girl, and don't anyone forget it!" (It was our first baby girl, since I was born, and the strain of seven boys in a row was plainly beginning to show.)

The nurse came down the hall and smiled knowingly at all the eager relatives. "You're all so excited," she said, "this must be your first child."

"No," beamed Dad, "this is our ninth." We went on down the hall to see Mom.

Mom heaved a weary sigh. "Please tell this to the folks for me when you get them home," she said, "tell them, very tactfully, that it isn't right for families to split apart over such silly differences. The Lord sends us families, so we can have joy in being together. Why don't we go back to the big reunion, but cut out all the unimportant introductions; just introduce ourselves when the occasion demands as we talk together?" Then Mom whispered something in Dad's ear. "Use that for the crowning announcement," she said with a knowing smile.

Well, we got all the relatives home all right, but we had such a lineup of cars that it stopped traffic.

Dad collected the relatives all together on our back lawn and made Mom's suggestion, and they all happily agreed that that was the best solution after all.

Then Dad announced, "In honor of the reuniting of the reunion, we've decided to name our new daughter Reunia Joy!"

(Her name was an everlasting reminder, and we loved happily ever after!)

Crocus

Ida Isaacson

Brown clay around my step,
 Green of winter not awakened yet.
 But glowing for my sight this morn
 The crocus garden, newly born;
 Tonic touch of air and sand,
 Together with the fine moist land,
 Have wrought this miracle of life,
 To lift my soul from toilsome strife—
 This vivid orange in a spring bouquet
 Spread at my feet this cold March day.



PIONEER LOG HOUSE

By Early Candlelight

2. BUILDING A HOME IN THE VALLEY

Bonnie A. Kesler

Illustrations by the Author

THE journey by wagon from Nauvoo left Hyrum and Annie weary, but upon entering the valley, their spirits and hopes were high.

Many of their friends lived temporarily in dugouts on the north bank of streams, and others lived in and by their covered wagons during the summer months; but by October, the nights were cold and uncomfortable to be sleeping in the open in this climate, so with axes, logchains, and ox teams, Hyrum and some of his neighbors made daily trips into the canyons, working from early morning until late at night felling trees and trim-

ming off branches. Then came the slow journey back to the valley, with the oxen dragging green pine logs.

After a few days of logging, the men had sufficient material for a home. Then everyone turned to notching, lifting, and fitting the logs into their respective places.

Hyrum's home was one large room with an inside measurement of sixteen by eighteen feet. There were one door and one window, a large fireplace, and a chimney. Rushes, found growing along the streams, were placed on the log rafters, on top of which was a layer of clay about a foot thick, spread

from the ridgepole to the eaves. This roof, though heavy, was quite adequate, except during a heavy rain storm, when leaks developed. Then every available bucket and pan was used by Annie and the girls to catch the dripping water.

The logs were chinked inside and out, and plastered inside with a mixture of mud. The walls were whitewashed whenever Annie housecleaned. The door swung from strong wooden hinges. Glass for the window was not available, so greased factory cloth was substituted. The cloth prevented the entrance of cold air and allowed the passage of light. Hyrum's log house cost about forty dollars. An adobe house would have cost only half that amount.

However, some of Hyrum's friends chose to build homes of adobe brick. Hyrum helped make

adobes in exchange for the work on his own house. Each adobe, of sun-dried clay brick, was about twelve inches long, four inches high, and six inches wide, the color of the clay from which it was made. The clay and water mixture was poured into wooden frames or molds, then the wet bricks were unmolded and set in the sun to dry. When dry, the bricks were put together with clay mortar, to which a little sand was added because straight clay and water would be too dense and would crack easily. When it was available, straw was mixed into the adobe mixture to reinforce it.

After making the adobes, Hyrum's friend used the pit from which the clay was taken for the cellar of his house, which had an outside entrance and a slanting cover built over the stairway. A



PIONEER ADOBE HOUSE

hinged door was lifted up to gain entrance.

Hyrum extended a pole from the eaves to hang the meat on and built a shelf by the door, outside, to hold the wooden wash bowl, towel, and soap. On the side of the house hung the washtub. Annie felt safer after the fence was built to keep the stock and other animals out of the yard.

Very few had enough cash to build a home, so men and boys traded work to help one another build. A man might work for his neighbor in exchange for the use of his team to haul timber from the mill and rocks and sand from the hills for the foundation. Stone-cutting and carpentry were often paid for by the owner or his sons by plowing ground, harvesting crops, or hauling wood.

One man, Mr. Woodhouse, paid a mason to lay the foundation of his house by making him two pairs of pants. The adobes for the walls were paid for by furnishing the fabric and making a suit of clothes for the neighbor who made adobe brick. Mr. Woodhouse sheared sheep and earned wool from which his wife spun and wove the cloth for the suit. He hauled timber from the canyons and made sleepers for floors and plates and stringers for the roof. Men who owed him for work done the year before paid

him in lumber and shingles. He exchanged work with a neighbor by binding grain by hand for him in the forenoon and receiving his help in putting on the roof in the afternoon when the grain was too dry to bind.

The shingle nails Mr. Woodhouse used were secondhand from Camp Floyd, and cost thirty cents a pound, while new nails cost seventy-five cents a pound. The lumber for casings and upstairs floors he bought in Salt Lake City, paying fifteen dollars down and promising to pay a fat pig, to weigh 200 pounds at killing time, for the balance. He bought the lumber for the lower floors in Salt Lake City, agreeing to pay in geese, at the rate of one goose for fifty feet of lumber, the geese to be delivered in time for Christmas dinner. He delivered the geese on time, but he had to leave home in a blinding snowstorm to do it. His wagon was covered with a blanket of snow by the time he reached the city. He did his own lathing and exchanged work with two other men for plastering. Thus the family was able to move into the house, although it was not entirely finished. Best of all, there was no debt on the house.

Such planning and hard work were not unusual. They constituted the spirit of home building in the pioneer days of the Utah Territory.

The terrible effects of drinking by drivers of automobiles are due to the fact that alcohol slows reactions, creates false confidence, is responsible for an increase in aggressive impulses, impairs concentration, delays judgment, seriously affects the power of vision.

Whether you drink or not, every member of your family is endangered by the drinking of others, and the chance of mutilation to those you love is not a small chance.—From *The Clip-sheet*.

We Found Spring

Frances P. Reid

WE thought that spring had passed us by. Living within the crowded confines of an apartment, denied a bit of ground to call our own, we were becoming resigned to looking over fences at other folks' gardens, to sniffing the wonderful free air, laden with scent and the fragrance of bursting buds, and to hoping that just one robin would perch on the window sill.

Then our two small sons brought spring right inside our walls. Trudging up the draw straddled by this huge housing development where we live, and climbing the barren hills that hem us in, they found the early-blooming balsam root. Like miniature sunflowers couched in downy, cotton cups, they shed pure sunshine on our bleak thoughts. Moist little fists clutched stems of every length, and we scurried to find bowls and vases. In the circumscribed world of children they saw what we had missed, the first bright patches of wild beauty that would soon be scattered over every slope.

Before the balsam root was gone, delicate desert phlox, like tightly bunched nosegays, sprinkled the hillsides. Their fragile pinkness belied a tenuous grip on earth, their elusive perfume asked forgiveness for the prickly foliage. Deep azure larkspur and Scotch bluebells peeked between the patches of cheatgrass and sagebrush. Wild candytuft of canary hue splotched the waste places. Filigreed snapdragons of palest yellow covered the

slopes, and, at last, came the stately lupine.

The foothills about us, bereft of anything taller than bitterbrush or tumbleweed, were claiming their brief moment of glory before the heat of summer parched them. We had mourned for shadowing elms, towering poplars, and graceful willows; we had looked at the distant peaks wearing snowy stoles fringed by pines, and had forgotten the beauty beneath our feet.

Often our living room blossomed with flowers whose names we did not know. Anxiously we queried friends schooled in wild-flower lore, eager to learn more about the loveliness that warmed the cold spot of longing for a garden of our own.

Over the long week ends we took to the hills, following the paths beaten by little feet and watching for the exquisite bitterroot and yellow bells that crouched on the very edges of snowdrifts high in the basins cupped by sheltering mountains. Dense banks of tall lungwort coaxed us to scramble over boulders, and at the lower levels, the tiny star-of-Bethlehem winked from rocky crevices.

We found rolling meadows as soft as a down comforter and lay on our backs marking the undulations of the land rippling below us. Hugged close to earth, we glimpsed the smallest of blooms pushing through the sod, so minute as to be unobserved when standing. Our eyes, long used to seeing ordered beds and marching rows of tulips

and daffodils, now sought the solitary spikes of wild onion and blue beardtongue. We stepped lightly to avoid crushing the buttercups, shooting stars, and violets.

Now we have a garden as wide as all the outdoors. We've held the

horizons in our grasp and lingered with infinity. As long as there is spring, we'll have beauty that no amount of crowded living can thwart—beauty so fleeting that every day must be held a precious thing.



Travel Highlights

FAMILY OUTINGS IN SWITZERLAND

Elizabeth Williamson

Illustration by the Author

AROUND Geneva, Switzerland, during fine weather, the family takes to the roads and highways for vacation outings. If there are not enough bicycles to go around, or if the children are too small to peddle, arrangements are made so that all are included in the trip. Boys' clubs, girls' clubs, mixed groups, couples, the lone cyclist, all start early for some favorite spot in the mountains or on the lakes. They usually carry on their back a rucksack, which may contain a lunch, books, fishing gear, baby's toys, or whatever their activities will demand at the destination.

As your car whizzes past them on the highway, they seem to be having a wonderful time. They may not get as far as you do this holiday, but in all probability, they will have seen much more.

Celebration

Florence B. Dunford

IT was midafternoon, and I had been waiting impatiently all morning for mother to finish her baking so that I could take the cookies to grandma; yet now, when the telephone rang, I stood and listened. We had been penned in so long that even that much contact with the outside world was precious. And besides, since I was the oldest one at home, though I was only ten, I was mother's chief confidant.

"It was your Aunt Ada," mother said, turning from the phone. She brushed a strand of dark brown hair off her brow. All of us—and there were eight children so far—were always aware of mother's prettiness. This came from our father, and besides, anyone with eyes and feelings could appreciate beauty.

Mother was even pretty now, though her face was flushed from working, and she was about to have Richard.

"What's the matter with Aunt Ada?" I asked, twirling the basket of cookies in my hand. Aunt Ada was the kind who always turns up her nose at everything.

"Her Janet is coming down with the mumps," mother said. "She didn't know we got out of quarantine yesterday. Aunt Ada can't afford to miss work; she wondered if Janet couldn't come over here."

My heart skipped a beat; we had been quarantined in for six whole weeks. Even then all of us had not had the mumps. Mother hadn't had them. Neither had my baby

brother had them, and neither had I.

But it had been two weeks now, and no one had come down; and yesterday mother had washed and aired everything and fumigated; and at five last night the quarantine officer had taken the red flag off our gate and pronounced us free.

"Aunt Ada doesn't want to miss the celebration tomorrow," I said. "Janet told me her mother had a beau."

Mother looked at me as though I was too old for my years. "I think that's nice," she said. Father's brother had died young; Aunt Ada was still young herself.

"Find out, if you can, if there is anything your grandmother wants," Mother called after me as I went out the door. "And don't stop too long at the square. I need you."

It is always pleasant to be needed. But this trip to grandmother's was going to be sheer ecstasy. Tomorrow was the twenty-fourth of July; in our small western Mormon settlement it was celebrated with more fervor even than the Fourth of July.

Even though our lot was rather large, about a third of a long country block, still the fact that we had been shut in for so long made everything look different. It had still been spring when we went in; it was late summer now. The leaves of the tall poplar trees that lined the canal bank in front of our place were heavy and quiet in the hot July sunlight. The sky was the

deep blue of the napkin covering the cookies. Everything was at its peak—the season, the summer, and our lives, too, what with our new freedom, and now the celebration tomorrow.

I started toward town. Halfway there was the church square where the celebration was to be held. I would turn there, too, to go to my grandmother's.

I passed Theodore's house. It was of brown frame; ours was white frame, with green trim, and taller. Theodore was our cousin; he was Uncle Silas' and Aunt Martha's oldest boy. He was my sister Jinny's and my favorite cousin. Mother and father adored him too.

I had an older brother who was working in Yellowstone Park that summer. "But he isn't like Theodore," I said aloud, searching the yard and wide veranda with my eyes.

If I tried I couldn't tell of any special reason we all liked Theodore. He was nice looking, with his thick, smooth, tan-blond hair. He looked sturdy and dependable; but that was only part of it. He always made an excuse for Jinny and stuck up for her. Jinny had red hair and lisped. And while we were quarantined in, when it seemed that almost everyone had forgotten us (even father had been away all that summer shearing sheep), Theodore never did.

Several times he had visited us. And though it was always after dark, and though he always stood back from the fence, way over on the ditch bank, still he was there, and

even mother's eyes seemed to be brighter for it.

I couldn't see Theodore about the place. Anyway, it's tomorrow that counts, I consoled myself. Tomorrow, though Theodore had plenty of family of his own, there were eight of them too, we could count on being near him most of the day.

Crossing the wide, dusty street, I looked eagerly ahead toward the church square. Even from here among the trees that lined the wide front lawn, I could see the red, white, and blue banners. Clutching the basket, I quickened my steps.

The whole churchyard was alive with color and movement. Our tall-spired church of native black stone was set far back in the lot. Directly in front of it a bandstand had been erected. The smell of the new lumber seemed to be almost painfully sweet and sharp. On every side booths were being set up. Men and women were scurrying here and there. Many of the booths were already trimmed, some of them were leafy bowers; all of them were garlanded with the red, white, and blue of our country's colors.

My mind rushed ahead to the celebration tomorrow. Over on my right, a merry-go-round (Jinny called it Mary-going-around) was being set up. Some of the ponies had thick white manes and some black and some brown; their eyes glittered and their coats were the colors of the rainbow.

Back of the church I knew the foot races would be held. Theodore always took part. But that would not be all. Before dawn there would be the cannon, to mor-

row night the fireworks display; all day long the pop and sputter of firecrackers.

Close to me a workman was unloading crates of soda pop. The excitement, the thought of the sweet, colored drink seemed to send a peculiar pain up my right jaw. I pressed my fingers against the spot.

The pain reminded me of my errand. I must hurry along. Besides, I would have all day tomorrow. Theodore would be there and this time he would not need to stand off in the darkness. The pain crawled up my jaw again, into my ear.

GRANDMA'S was a couple of squares down. The tall, narrow house of shellacked logs was set far back on a green, tree-edged lawn. I knocked, and at grandfather's, "Come," I pushed open the door and entered.

"If it isn't Cathy," my grandfather said, and touched his white moustache in a pleased way.

I had not seen my grandparents all summer. I stood there, looking around the big, sunny room, with its bright-colored rag carpet, the couch where grandma took her nap; at the large dining-room table and the tall cupboard, with its glass doors, filled with blue and bone-white dishes and shining glassware. I smiled at my grandfather. He was old, old, but even then he was very handsome. He sat there in his armchair by the front windows as straight as a ramrod. His short, white, Vandyke beard, and his piercing blue eyes made him look even

more dignified and unbending. My mother said he did not smoke or touch liquor or even use any slang; and he frowned on those who did and never allowed such practices in his presence.

I had always been his favorite grandchild. Although I knew it was because I had been a twin and my sister had died, still I liked to think it was my light brown hair and green-brown eyes; and maybe my manner, which I hoped would be pretty and pleasant like my mother's.

But I was not special to my grandmother.

Grandmother had been paralyzed several years from a stroke. But even that had not made her dignified nor taken the sparkle from her gray eyes.

"Well, child, what are you standing there for?" she asked. "What have you got in that basket?"

I swallowed. The pain crept up my jaw again. "Mother has been baking all day," I managed, a trifle breathlessly. "She says now we are out of quarantine she can start sending you things again." I lifted the blue napkin, showed the contents.

Grandma leaned over and sampled one of the golden cookies. It was my father who was her son; still, did I see tears in the gray eyes?

The pain came hard under my jaw. I gasped and clapped my hand on the afflicted place.

"What's the matter, Cathy?" my grandfather asked. "Not getting the mumps, I hope?"

Catastrophe swept through me. The peculiar feeling in my jaw

when I smelled the fresh lumber, the thought about the sweet soda water. And now!

Tears crept into my throat. With an awful effort I pushed them back, tried to appear calm. "Oh, no," I said. "I couldn't get them now. It's past time." I made myself giggle. "Did you see all the things they're doing in the square?"

My grandfather did not answer. He was still staring at me, an odd, though sympathetic look in his blue eyes. The moment I could, I excused myself. "Mother has so much to do," I said. "She told me to hurry back."

I was outside again, going once more in the direction of the church square. There was no longer any doubt in my mind. I was *getting* the mumps.

The sky looked dark now. The leaves on the trees were beginning to flutter. "I hope it blows and blows and knocks the whole town over," I said aloud.

The pain did not catch at my jaw again. I had not felt it since I was at grandpa's. I was just *beginning* to have the mumps.

The square, with all its bright colored streamers, the new lumber of the stands, came in sight again. "It isn't right," I cried aloud, "that we should be quarantined in again. It isn't right that we shouldn't be allowed to go to the celebration. It isn't fair that we shouldn't be with Theodore tomorrow."

I did not cut through the square this time. In my present dark mood I could not bear to come close again to the torture and the music of tomorrow's preparations.

BY the time I had walked around the square a plan was beginning to take shape in my mind.

My father was always telling my older brother and sometimes even Jinny and me, "Determination conquers every obstacle." Sometimes he was joking when he said it, and he nearly always smiled. But always I felt his seriousness.

I did not know what tomorrow would bring. I tried to remember the course of the disease with Jinny and the others. Would I be really suffering tomorrow? Would my jaw be swollen up so that I could not eat or speak?

I couldn't remember. And, besides, with everyone it was different. With Jinny's red hair and her disposition, everything hit her hardest.

It came to me suddenly that if I was determined I could make father's words work for me in even this situation. Tonight at home everyone would be excited. Mother had been working hard, and in a family as big as ours, no one got much special attention.

Tomorrow morning my jaw might be swollen a little, it might be really sore. But if I would be determined, I could conquer the obstacle. No one but me need know until the day after the celebration that I was coming down with the mumps!

The music and the color of the square were behind me now, as I walked down the long section toward home. How many people would I give the mumps to tomorrow? Would any of them be really ill? Did anyone ever die with the mumps?

What would grandma think of me when, day after tomorrow, they learned we were quarantined in again. And more especially, grandfather? If he realized I had deliberately kept it from mother he would not love me any more.

"But grandpa is old," I told myself. "He doesn't like celebrations anymore. Someone will have to stay with grandma. More than likely he won't even go.

"No one will know it but me," I reassured myself. "No one but me."

I had crossed the dusty street. I went across the footbridge. Still I couldn't take my eyes from the clear sparkling water as it flowed merrily along. I couldn't forget Uncle Silas' words when he baptized me, the vows I had made to myself.

Never to cheat nor lie nor do wrong. Because from then on I was accountable.

"Well, who will hold me accountable?" I asked myself.

Suddenly I knew. The Lord would hold me accountable. And I would not be the only one who knew I had done wrong. The Lord somehow had a way of knowing everything.

I began to run. I passed Theodore's place, but this time I did not even look in that direction. Coming to our white picket gate, I jerked it open and ran toward the house.

MOTHER was on the telephone again. I stood there in much the same position as I had before. Only now the cookie basket was empty. And my heart was empty, too.

"It was your Aunt Ada again," mother said. "Now Davey is getting the" She broke off and stared at me.

I ran toward her, laid my hot face against her. "Oh, mother," I sobbed, "I'm getting the mumps. I'm getting the mumps, too."

I had thought at least that mother would show some disappointment. But, instead, she just smoothed my hair with her hand, and an odd, contented look came into her gray eyes. "That means we can't go to the celebration tomorrow after all," she said.

Jinny took that moment to come in through the kitchen. She hadn't heard what had happened. But something had happened to her, too, because her face was almost as red as her hair.

"Theodore's mother sent me home," she lisped. "Theodore is coming down with the mumps."

My mother lifted her apron as though she were wiping the perspiration from her brow. But somehow I got the notion it was to hide a smile.

"Well, that changes things a little," she said, and turned back to the telephone.

"O13-J3," she told the operator after she had rung.

My heart lifted a little, knowing it was Theodore's number.

"Martha," my mother was saying. "Jinny just came in and said Theodore is getting the mumps." She went on, "Cathy is getting them, too. I don't care much about going tomorrow, what with Steve away and all. How would you like to send Theodore over here and I'll send Jinny over to

you. The smaller youngsters can have their celebration here in the yard."

BY the excited sparkle that came from the receiver, I knew mother's suggestion had prevented a major tragedy. And mother had spoken so quickly that even Jinny had had no time to squall.

After she hung up, mother stood by the telephone as though she were considering. Then she called another number.

"Ada," she said this time, "Cathy is coming down with the mumps, too. And Martha's Theodore. If you still want to you can send your two over for the duration. A couple more will just make things interesting."

A couple more. My mind hummed the words. Three all together. Theodore, of course, the very most important.

I stood there, feeling the stars in my eyes and did not even mind

when the pain etched itself along my jaw again.

The next few hours were busy ones. Uncle Silas phoned. He was sending over some fireworks and soda water. I knew Aunt Ada would send something, too, because, even though she was always sticking up her nose at everything, she was not stingy. And she would want her own children to have a good time.

"All of us kids will have a good time," I said aloud. When mother smiled I recalled again my father's words.

But now things had changed; they were different. "Determination may conquer every obstacle," I told myself, "but right always triumphs in the end."

They were big words and big thoughts for a ten-year-old. But when my father came home I would tell him. He had a right to know.

* * * *

Yellow Violets

Ethel Jacobson

The southern hill we lately scaled was brown,
 One blighted chestnut keeping sullen guard
 As unaccustomed sleet lashed at its crown.
 An angry gash of ancient lava scarred
 The hill's gaunt, wide-flayed face. No tuft of weed,
 No scrap of verdure softened that facade.
 No bird found shelter. Surely no root, no seed
 Endured within this winter-riven clod . . .
 This is the hill! This is the very path
 We traced, before the ice was chipped away
 And sun pierced stony rifts, and the storm's wrath
 Subsided to this frivolous springtime play.
 Now here are yellow violets, thickly spread,
 And a lark's yellow throat loud overhead!



MRS. VONDA RICHARDSON



Arts and Crafts Appeal to a Young Mother

Mrs. Vonda Richardson, Salt Lake City, Excels in Many Hobbies

Crocheting, embroidery, shell work, textile painting, ceramics, and landscape painting are among the creative hobbies of Vonda Richardson of Salt Lake City, Utah. Among her choice possessions is the book *Week End Painter*, by Laurence Burton, a gift from her husband in the early stages of her artistic efforts. Also, Mrs. Richardson has studied many other books on the various arts. She secures additional information from department stores, craft shops, education centers, and from individual instructors. Claiming to have no special "knack" for creative work, Mrs. Richardson says, "Anyone can do it."

Many people who appreciate art and creative handicrafts visit the Richardson home, and Mrs. Richardson finds opportunities for selling as many articles as she can produce. Also, she makes her friends and relatives happy with exquisite gifts. Her five children, ranging in ages from eight months to eleven years, are being reared in a home where art and industry are combined to make life interesting and beautiful.

A Time to Forget

CHAPTER 9

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who had lost her fiance in the war, goes to live on a walnut farm which she inherited from her cousin Harriett Lester. There she meets Jeff Landeau, a widower who owns the adjoining acres, and who helps her in running her farm. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, also assists in the work, and Serena is impressed by his wholesome and buoyant attitude towards life. Serena also makes friends with David, Jeff's son, and, after the first harvest, she feels at home in the San Vicente Valley. Soon after Christmas Serena and Jeff are married, but, upon their return from a honeymoon in Mexico, they find that Delia, who is a cousin to Jeff's first wife, has persuaded David to live with her instead of going home with Jeff and Serena. However, with much love and tact, Serena is successful in persuading young David to live at home. Serena's friend, Mrs. Hale, takes her to a party at the home of Constance and Martha Bates, elderly sisters, who were friends of Jeff's first wife.

INSTANTLY the heavy door swung open. A thin elderly woman with tight lips and gray hair knotted fiercely on top of her head ushered them in.

"She's the housekeeper, been with them forty years," Mrs. Hale whispered.

Inside, Serena's soft brown eyes opened wide. From the high, narrow hallway, with steep stairs, she saw two long, high-ceilinged rooms connected by an arch and filled with so much furniture from past centuries it might have been an antique shop.

In the front room were the women, seated fanwise. They were, as Jeff said, of mature age. Each face had been cut from its own mold,

no city sameness in dress or visage. Here and there were younger matrons, daughters of the weathered ladies. Standing in the archway were the Bates sisters.

Nothing Jeff had said prepared Serena for the sisters. They were tall and thin and fragile, all in one tone of gray. They wore their thin gray hair twisted high on their patrician heads. Under their dark dresses one could almost see the black woolen petticoats that warmed their thin joints. Identical collars of Irish crochet lace outlined their high collars. Each wore a cameo brooch, and each had ruby and emerald rings on her knotted fingers. Their voices were thin wisps of sound, wisps that caused them an effort to make. From under the arch they came forward in short, arthritic steps to welcome her.

One wears a pince-nez, one has steel-rimmed glasses. Which is which? Serena's thoughts raced desperately. One has a gold band. That's Miss Constance—Mrs. Chadwick.

"Sister and I," began Miss Constance, the wearer of the gold band. Her tired voice wavered, and she looked at Miss Martha.

"Sister and I," said Miss Martha, in a firmer wisp, "are happy to welcome you."

They extended stiff, cold hands. Picking up her pince-nez, Miss Constance looked long at Serena, then, turning to the waiting ladies,

said, "Sister and I haven't seen anyone so pretty in years."

THE ladies tittered in appreciation, and Serena's face was warm.

"You tell Jeffery for me," Miss Martha patted Serena's firm arm with leaflike lightness, "that he's done well by himself. Now come meet the ladies before Mrs. Hale takes you upstairs to remove your coat."

With precision, they wheeled about, and Serena followed them into the room.

Carefully, Serena repeated each name, hoping she could remember them, and feeling so young it was hard not to curtsy. Almost at the end she was introduced to a tall, aging woman with a nervous, dissatisfied face, and smartly dressed in a new spring suit. The name was McKellar, that would be Alice McKellar, of special interest.

She put out her hand to the older woman in a quick, warm gesture, but abruptly she stopped. There was no outstretched hand. Mrs. McKellar nodded coldly and turned to the woman on her left.

Jeff had said she was erratic. Maybe she meant nothing by her rudeness. Later, if there was a chance Serena would try again—if the chance came easily.

She was enchanted with the house. She sat on a cherry rocker that was older than the Revolution, so Miss Martha said. And the linen cover on the small drop-leaf table near her was woven before the Boston Tea Party.

As she chatted with the ladies, feeling very much at home, and ate the luscious cakes, her eyes fell

on an ancient etagere filled with porcelain and jade figurines. At odds with the dainty figurines, was a big Bible on the lowest shelf, bound in worn, faded leather. She placed her plate carefully on the table and dropped to her knees, the better to examine the book.

"That's really a museum Bible," Miss Constance spoke proudly from across the table.

She pushed herself forward on her straight-backed chair. "We don't usually show this Bible," she said severely. "It's much safer under glass."

"Today we will show the Bible, Sister," Miss Martha's wisp of a voice was authoritative. Her faded blue eyes, under the steel-rimmed glasses, beamed at Serena. "Sister always claimed the Bible was hers, because she is the oldest, but there's no sense keeping it in a cabinet if someone wants to see it." With shaking hands, she began turning the pages for Serena.

"If you will carry it into my rooms in the Horn wing, I will show it to you." With determined and painful steps, she walked through the archway and dining room to her living room, a replica of the larger one.

SERENA, treading a careful path through the clutter of furniture, followed her, bearing the Bible.

Miss Martha's lips trembled, but she went on talking.

"Constance thinks everything should stay in the family, go to our niece, but I don't," Martha explained. "I think some of the things should be where school children can learn from them."

She pointed to a spinning wheel in a crowded corner, and to a hand-woven, blue plaid tablecloth. A crafty look came into her face. Leaning forward she whispered to Serena, "I have it fixed so that the things I want will go to our schools here, and I'm leaving money for the cabinets to hold them."

The look vanished; she glanced at Serena as appealingly as a child. "Do you think I'm doing right?" she asked tremulously.

"I think it is one of the nicest things you could possibly do," Serena spoke sincerely.

Miss Martha closed the Bible and placed it on the table. "Would you like to see some of my pretties?"

"I would love to. This is a real treat for me."

"Move your chair close to the chest." She pointed to a huge oak chest, dark with age. "I think maybe you would like to see some of the dresses first."

Serena pulled her rocker close to the chest. "It's like opening Pandora's box," she said, her eyes bright.

"But no evil will come, only the rustle of memories." Miss Martha slowly raised the heavy lid.

"You are a poet, aren't you?" Serena asked.

"A frustrated poet," Miss Martha sighed. She lifted the muslin covering to show the first dress. "We don't have the entire collection." She held up a full-skirted gown of heavy, blue twilled silk. "When Cousin Will came out to the ranch to live, he was the brother who stayed in Boston, you know, he gave

most of the dresses away to a distant cousin. Of course, she had no right to them, but she has them. What I have dates only from the beginning of the nineteenth century."

The next dress was a stiff yellow taffeta.

"My mother wore it to her first ball, the year before she came out to California to be married." She stroked the silk before she spread it on a tapestry-covered love seat.

She held up a dress of golden brown silk. It had a tight bodice and an intricate bustle. She looked at it, then at Serena, with measuring eyes. I think you could wear it," she decided. "You're very slight. When you have an occasion to wear a costume, you may have the loan of it."

"I'd never dare," Serena said in tender protest. "It's much too precious."

"Not so precious that it can't be worn by the right person." Her tone indicated that some people had not been right for the dress. "Now, you just hold this skirt up to you." She handed the heavy folds of silk to Serena. "You must have the hat with the velvet roses. It goes with the dress. And the fan, you must see my China fan. Grandfather brought it home in a clipper ship. I'll go right down the hallway to my bedroom and get them." Talking excitedly to herself, she left the room by a rear door.

Serena held the dress in front of her, looking in a mirror above the chest. The golden brown was the color of her eyes. It would be fun to wear the dress. Jeff would have to have a costume, too.

Suddenly the door to the dining room, which Serena had not closed tightly, swung open, forced by a draft from the other room. Before she could close it she heard her name spoken. Hesitating, she stood with her hand on the doorknob.

MRS. McKellar had just come into the dining room from the kitchen with another woman. "I don't care what anyone thinks," Serena heard her say in a high, agitated voice, "I'm not going to stay in this house with that woman. Mrs. Jeff Landeau," she accented each syllable with malice. "She has no right to that name."

"I don't know where you get your information, Alice," a mild, elderly voice answered, "but according to mine she has every right—and you'd better keep your voice down or everyone in the living room will hear you."

"I didn't go to the wedding," Mrs. McKellar's voice rose higher, "and I wouldn't be here today if I'd known she was coming."

"I don't see how you could help knowing," the gentle voice persisted. "We all knew she was coming. We asked her to come. Harriet belonged, and Beth Landeau's mother was one of the first presidents."

"That's just it!" Mrs. McKellar's voice rose to a shriek. Abruptly the happy hum of conversation in the front room stopped. "Elizabeth Henley was one of the founders when I was only a child. What right, I'd like to know, has this fortune hunter to worm her way into this group? She got Jeff Landeau and the Henley money. That ought to satisfy her."

Serena's face was whiter than the muslin coverlet behind her. With trembling fingers, she put the yellow gown over the back of the love seat. Her mind was a whirlwind of confusion. Should she close the door before Miss Martha came back, to save that fragile lady from the ugly scene? Or should she confront the angry Mrs. McKellar. What would Jeff think? Would he feel she had been clumsy? It might be wiser to gently close the door and pretend she knew nothing. Would that be cowardice? She had a right to confront the woman.

A voice from the living room delayed her. "I think it is time these newcomers were put in their place," the voice said. "I agree with Alice. She got Jeff Landeau, but we don't have to accept her."

The quiet room crackled with antagonism. Interest in the scene lessened Serena's anger. If only she could throw the door wide open to see their faces.

THE deep-toned woman laughed, not without sarcasm. "I've often wished that this subject would come right out in the open," she chuckled, enjoying herself. "When I'd been living here five years, and that was more than twenty years ago, one of you women here—and don't give yourself away by blushing—you were only a girl then and you're much nicer now, gave some kind of a party, and I was one of the few women not invited. The reason was that I didn't belong to the old families." She laughed her throaty laugh again. "I felt a little

(Continued on page 206)

Today

Loretta P. Epperson

Today, I will be happy! Today I will love much and hate no one. I will be kind and courteous to all with whom I come in contact, and will try to see their point of view. I will love and respect people for their fineness of character, be they rich or poor, humble or mighty. I will be charitable toward the mistakes and shortcomings of others, and appreciate their efforts toward betterment.

Today, I will exercise to keep my body beautiful and attractive. I will speak low, with sweet tones and a well-modulated voice: I will spend a few minutes reading something to improve my mind and give me a bigger and better outlook on life. Today I will think of my loved ones away, perhaps also of dear ones departed. I will remember the choice moments of the past and look forward to a bright and glorious future.

I will try to make my home comfortable to all who enter the circle of my family life. Today I will sing a song of praise to my Creator, to him who gave me life, this life I love so well, perhaps a song in which the world may feel my handclasp. And in the late evening, may I recline, knowing that this day I have done the best I could. Today, I will be happy!

* * * *

"Health to the Bones"

Maryann M. Ukropina

I often think of Bill Larsen. A hundred other people often think of Bill Larsen, and a hundred more will think of him and remember. They will remember as I do, and for a minute they will smile and light up inside.

When Bill was born someone must have said, "Here's one for laughs. Here's one for that gloomy afternoon, and for that old man around the corner, and for a little boy in overalls."

In school he was the clown of auditorium assembly fame who brought down the house and was remembered longer than all the others. With twinkling eyes and a mouth ever ready to smile, he had a greeting for everyone he met.

How many times I have met someone on the street and only nodded or said "Hello"? How many times after passing him I've thought, why didn't I take an extra minute to ask him about the family or friends? Why didn't I call him by his first name and add a cheery, "How have you been?" How many times I've had regrets.

Bill Larsen would have no regrets. He used those extra minutes in happiness that I spend regretting.

I have seen old men beam and seem to walk a little straighter after Bill had stopped them for a minute, and it was not unusual to see ten or more little boys clamoring to sit beside him at the baseball games.

Have you ever looked back, say to your high school days, to recall the people you remember? Among those that stand out, is there one long, sad face? Don't you recall some boy who could make you laugh, some friendly girl who spoke your name.

We can't all be Bill Larsens; but there are a lot of them in this world, and I'm going to work a little harder on the things I remember him for, because as the Proverb says, "Pleasant words are as honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones" (Proverbs 16:24).

On Trains

Matia McClelland Burk

TWO things happened the other day that set me thinking about something that was a vivid part of my life for many years—the old-fashioned train. First, as I was out walking in the morning, I saw two boys watching, with intense interest, by the railroad tracks while the old black engine switched from one track to the other. Not until the train puffed away did the boys get on their bicycles and pedal down the street. That same evening I read a newspaper editorial regretting the passing of the small railroad. In this editorial it was stated that soon a man would have to take his children on a crack transcontinental line for them to have any experience with a train at all.

How different were the days of my childhood! My mother had come to Tombstone from Houston as a bride, and had had to ride the last seven bumpy, lurching miles from Fairbanks in one of the old Modoc stages, but at last the railroad was built between Fairbanks and Tombstone, shortly before I, her third child, was four years old. All my childhood was colored with reflected adventure and imagination that this strange and interesting machine brought to me.

Several engines pulled the train at different times, and we knew the number of every one of them, and could identify most of them by the sound of their whistles. My favorite of them all was old "Number Four." Long after I was grown, I

chanced to see this same engine pulling ore cars at a mine. I shall never forget how I felt. It seemed impossible that this small, dingy museum piece could be the magnificent black giant of my childhood!

Trains were associated with much of my life and many vital incidents have been connected with trains or railroads. The tracks cut through the corner of our ranch, and, more than once, we lost cattle through their stupidity in getting on the tracks at the wrong time. Probably the loss of the cattle was a great annoyance to our parents, as well as a considerable financial loss, because in that section of the country no one ever thought of suing the railroad for the loss of a cow. I didn't know it could be done until I was grown.

But the very nearness of the tracks gave to us children a sense of possession which we loved. Although the railroad was only seven miles long, it was put through rough and rocky country. There were deep cuts in the hillsides, alternating with high bridges over gulches, which, though ordinarily filled with dry sand, became muddy torrents after the summer rains.

For years the engineer, a friend of my father, threw off the daily paper between two cuts about half a mile from the ranch house. My older sister and I waited for the four-forty train so that we could get that paper. The engineer always blew the whistle and waved at us, while

we stood at a safe distance and felt the ground vibrate under us, and sensed the power and magnificence of that moving train.

WE watched to see who the people were on the train, for though we rarely knew them, it was a fascinating pastime to speculate about them. In fact, the train was a pretty good thermometer of the fortunes of the old mining camp. When Tombstone was booming, the one passenger coach would be filled with people. At the windows we could see the heads of many Mexicans going to work in the mines. There were also well-dressed men, wearing big western hats, or derby hats, and in the summer a few flat-crowned straws. There were Mexican women in their mantillas, quietly dressed ladies, and some very fine ladies, indeed, if we could judge by our glimpses of their bright satin shirt-waists, flashing breastpins, and big hats smothered under ostrich plumes.

But when the camp was deserted and the mines closed, few people traveled in the passenger coach. There would be only occasional freight cars, and fewer trains each day. When the nine o'clock train went by, we lay in bed and listened for its whistle as it rounded the curve a mile away. For years I could recapture that strange thrill of those nights by hearing a distant train whistling at night.

Once a year the circus came to town. It had its own engine, and there were many cars, and, as the long train moved slowly up the grade, we were in an ecstasy of an-

ticipation. I remember getting ready for the circus, dressing in our starched white lawns and our high shoes—shined by wetting the dauber in water and rubbing it on the under side of a stove lid to blacken our shoes, and then rubbing them to a high polish with an old wool rag. We went very early to town so as not to miss the parade, and, as we sat in the wagon, with my father driving old Nellie, we children were always very much afraid that we would get there too late to see everything.

Finally, when I was fourteen, I got to ride on the train. I was a little disappointed in the wicker seats and the dim kerosene lights of the train to Fairbanks, because it did not look quite so wonderful from the inside as it had looked from the outside, but my dreams were more than gratified when we got on the big Texas-bound train. The seats were upholstered with red plush, and although I contracted a severe case of impetigo from the unprotected plush in that pre-sanitary era, I lost no enthusiasm for railroad travel. In succeeding years I traveled back to Arizona, made several trips to California, and took shorter journeys. Always there was that sense of adventure when I started out on a train trip.

There is something fascinating about a train; the miles of country you pass in the daytime, the trains that roar past in the night, the dimmed lights of the towns you pass through, that feeling that out there somewhere strange things are happening. And yet there is also a feeling of detachment, a feeling

(Continued on page 208)

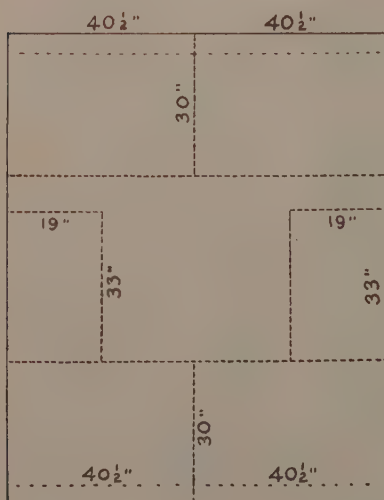
Tricks With Bed Linen

Leona Bammes Gardner

A perennial problem with the housewife is how to make the bed linen wear a little longer. I find it economical to make pillowcases out of the worn sheets and buy new sheets with the money I would save on the purchase of new pillow cases. Here is how it is done: I always buy sheets of good quality muslin, size 81x108 inches. When the first split occurs, which is generally right down the middle of the sheet, I make no attempt to patch or sew it up, but turn the good parts into attractive pillow cases.

Measure the top hem and divide it in half. Tear down the middle for thirty inches, and then tear off. Sew up the sides and across the bottom, leaving the top hem as the hem of the pillow case. Divide the bottom thirty inches of the sheet in the same way. Then there will be two strips down each side of the sheet that will be fairly good. Measure a piece from each strip 19x33 inches. Sew the two strips together on three sides and hem the end. If there are any very worn spots, a bit of iron-on patching material or a small patch of sheeting will take care of them. This will make five good pillow cases. I like to use one of the attractive iron-on designs that resemble fabric paints to give the pillow cases a bit of decoration. These designs can be purchased for ten cents, and they add a great deal to the attractiveness of the cases.

This method always gives me a good supply of pillow cases, and it has been my experience that these cases wear extremely well. In fact, almost as well as new pillow cases.



Material ready to make pillowslip, showing design stamped on the front of the case, before side and end seams are made.

Supplication to Spring

Ing Smith

Beginning things beguile me!
First flower and first leaf,
Unfolding, reconcile me
To Time, swift-running river,

To Time, swift-running giver,
Where no man may step twice—
New buds, new life, wake! Quiver!
Break through recurring ice!

Romance

Pansye H. Powell

Sweet are the songs of the nightingale
That the lover has never heard;
Lovely are far-off continents;
Enchanting, the stranger's word.
Roaming the world in a weary search
For the land where dreams belong,
You may find your wish before your door
In the lilt of a dancing song!

Personnel for Spring

Maryhale Woolsey

Spring is March—a tomboy tot,
Racing through her days
Recklessly, and loud and wild
In a thousand ways.

Spring is April, venturing
Shyly up a hill—
Veiled with rain, and carrying
Violets to spill.

Spring is May—a dancing-girl
Of bright and nimble grace;
Where her rhythmic slippers touch,
Blossoms rise in place.

Spring is eager, gay, and young—
A woman-child who grows
Through storms and sun to learn
the charm
Which lovely summer knows.

BOOKS

for the

L.D.S. Ward ORGANIST

At the Console	\$1.50
Chancel Echoes	1.50
Chapel Organist	1.50
Devotional Organ Album—Asper.....	2.50
Music for the Consonata Organ— Vol. 1	1.50
Music for the Consonata Organ— Vol. 2	1.50
Organ Melodies—Landon	1.50
Organ Musings	1.50
Organ Voluntaries—Vol. 1— Schreiner	3.50
Organ Voluntaries—Vol. 2— Schreiner	3.50
Sacred Hour at the Organ—Arno.....	1.50

WE PAY POSTAGE

Music Sent On Approval

Use this advertisement on your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY

45-47 South Main
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Please send postpaid the music indicated
above.

☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed

Name

Address.....

City & State.....

FIRST OF ALL—RELIABILITY
Daynes
45-47 SOUTH
MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH
Music Co.

Visit us while you are in Salt Lake City to attend April Conference. We have a large selection of markers and monuments.



SALT LAKE MONUMENT COMPANY

RONIE JOHNSON, Owner

186 "N" Street
Salt Lake City, Utah



**Join the Sociable Group
Leaving**

For a Spring Tour to —

HAWAII

(Personally Conducted)

Sail from Los Angeles on the

LOVELY LURLINE

May 4, 1953

Early Reservations Advisable

For detailed information write or telephone . . .

VIDA FOX CLAWSON

966 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone 4-2017 or 9-5388

A Time to Forget

(Continued from page 200)

hurt, my family was as old as anyone's. But that girl grew up, and I thought the rest of us had, too."

Taking advantage of the silent audience, the woman went on. "I've been here nearly thirty years, and even though my husband had to earn his money to buy his land instead of inheriting it, I feel as much a part of Meadtown as any of you. And what's more," she said to the women who still sat in shocked silence, "unless we change, unless we keep up with what's happening to us here, we'll soon be nothing more than a set of odd characters. People will drive their friends past our places to point us out. And I can't say," she added with impish humor, "that I'll feel sorry for any of us."

Serena's hand dropped from the door. To go out now would be an anticlimax. Miss Martha, thank goodness, was having a time to find the velvet roses and the China fan. Poor Miss Constance was in the thick of it, but perhaps she couldn't hear it all.

"You can do what you want, Lucy Carson." Mrs. McKellar's voice was the first one to speak after this honest exposure. "I'll do the same."

Nothing could mollify Mrs. McKellar. "I'll repeat what I said," she flung at them. "This is the last time you'll ever see my face in this group if you take in Serena Landeau."

Not knowing what she was going to do or say, Serena threw back the door and stepped into the dining room.

The golden April sunlight fell upon her fair brown hair, turning it into a deep gold. In the center of the room she stopped, young, angry, frightened, with her head high and facing a mass of open-mouthed faces, spread before her like a grotesque fan.

Not a sound came from the women. Even Myra Hale, who was rising in angry protest, was not able to speak.

Alice McKellar's face dropped, fell apart. She was standing in the archway a few feet from Serena. Slowly the color drained from her fretful face. Something akin to shame was in her dark eyes.

Miss Constance, who was far back in the circle, moved her chair stiffly forward. Her nostrils quivered and her thin, faded lips moved, unable to make a sound.

To prolong the scene would be an awful thing for Miss Constance. It might even kill her. In quick contrition, Serena moved toward the old lady.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Chadwick," she said, bending and taking the cold hands into her two hot ones. "I wouldn't bring any unpleasantness into your home for anything in the world." She put Miss Constance's hands back into her lap. "If you'll excuse me, I'll go."

(To be continued)

Fantasy

Vesta N. Luke

Toeprints
Of sandpipers
Hemstitch the restless waves,
Like lacy trimming, to the shore's
Bright edge.



SPECIAL ROSE OFFER

No. 1 quality everblooming roses in a brilliant array of colors. One each — crimson, scarlet, gold, cream, yellow, pink, rose, coral, copper — orange . . . to brighten and perfume your garden.

Reg. \$1.25 ea.
ALL 10 FOR
8.90
Plus 60¢ postage and packing.

PORTER-WALTON CO.

P. O. Box 1619 - - - Salt Lake City, Utah

PORTER-WALTON CO.
P. O. Box 1619, Salt Lake City, Utah

Please send me: ☐ Special Rose Offer for which I enclose ☐ check or ☐ money order for \$8.90 — plus 60¢ postage and packing.
☐ Please send me ☐ Free P-W Spring Catalog 1953.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Preserve Your
Relief Society Magazines
For Reference

Have your Relief Society Magazines bound into permanent yearly volumes. They are excellent for reference. Cost is small. Write or phone today for information.

Deseret News Press

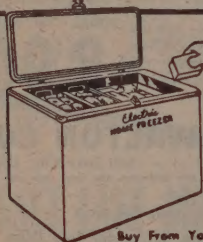
31 RICHARDS STREET



4-2581 Salt Lake City, Utah

an **ELECTRIC** **HOME FREEZER**

SAVES YOU TIME AND MONEY



Buy From Your Dealer

Be Thrifty—Use Electricity

UTAH POWER & LIGHT COMPANY



REGISTER NOW!

Many business opportunities are now open with attractive salaries—if you are qualified. New classes in . . .

- Hy-Speed Longhand ● Gregg Shorthand
- Simplified Accounting ● Typing
- Office Machines

and many other interesting classes in day or evening school. For further information, call or write . . .

Branch of Brigham Young University

L.D.S.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 North Main

Salt Lake City, Utah

On Trains

(Continued from page 203)

that once started on your journey, you go on without volition until your destination is reached.

If we have money, and travel to-day, we may go on a sleek, streamlined train, modern, air-conditioned, and comfortable, or drive our own cars, or travel in buses. As for me, I prefer the old-time train, cinders, dust, and all. Yes, I'll admit I'm putting myself in the class of anachronisms. I smile at the lover of covered wagons, but maybe I am hunting the same thing he is—the romantic land that no longer exists, that perhaps never did exist at all, except in half-forgotten dreams, and longings of the human heart that can never be satisfied.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

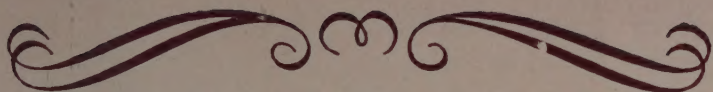
Resonance

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

When this small organ known as I
With music no more swells,
I wish its melodies could ring
On shining golden bells

Wherever their small notes are caught
Within a human heart,
As this forsythia sends out
Another living start

To root in loam, wherever earth
Has met a slender stem,
And grows new chimes for distant springs
My love could sing through them.



STRENGTHEN YOUR TESTIMONY WITH PROFITABLE READING

1. THE FALLING AWAY

By B. H. Roberts

Subtitled "The World's Loss of the Christian Religion and Church," this book traces the development of doctrines in the early Christian Church, the apostasy, the pagan influence on the church, the "Reformation" and the Restoration of the Gospel. Arranged for ease in preparing lessons. \$2.50

2. STORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF MORMONISM

By James E. Talmage

An explanation of "Mormonism" intended primarily for non-members, presenting in a highly understandable and interesting manner the fundamental beliefs of our Church. Durable, plastic cover. \$.60

3. JOSEPH SMITH AS A TRANSLATOR

By R. C. Webb

A candid examination of Joseph Smith's claims to have translated ancient Egyptian writings . . . made in the light of today's knowledge. Durable, plastic cover. \$.75

4. READINGS IN L.D.S. CHURCH HISTORY—Vol. I

By William E. Berrett and Alma P. Burton

The first of a series of readings from the best authenticated sources of Church history. The best material from original diaries, documents and journals. A valuable addition to every L.D.S. library. \$4.00

5. VOICE OF ISRAEL'S PROPHETS

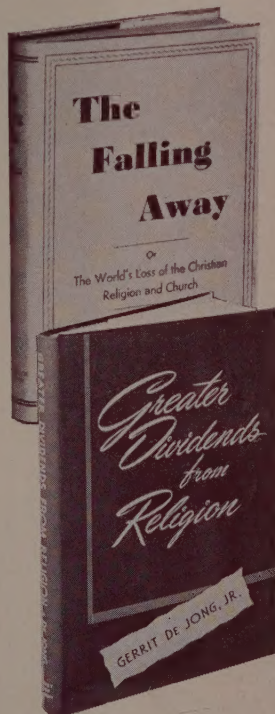
By Dr. Sidney B. Sperry

Dr. Sperry published his book, *Twelve Minor Prophets*, in 1939. Here he extends his studies to the major prophets of the Old Testament. Told here are the interesting and enlightening words and work of these great prophets. \$3.50

6. GREATER DIVIDENDS FROM RELIGION

By Gerrit deJong

Religion, sincerely believed and consistently lived, "pays off" in dividends of zest for living, motivation for accomplishment, and personal development, as detailed in this inspiring book. \$1.75



Deseret Book Co.

44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City, Utah

Order

Conveniently
by Mail

DESERET BOOK COMPANY

44 E. South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

Please send the following circled books:

1 2 3 4 5 6

for which I enclose check ☐ or money order ☐ for

\$.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Books Postpaid.

Residents of Utah add 2% sales tax.

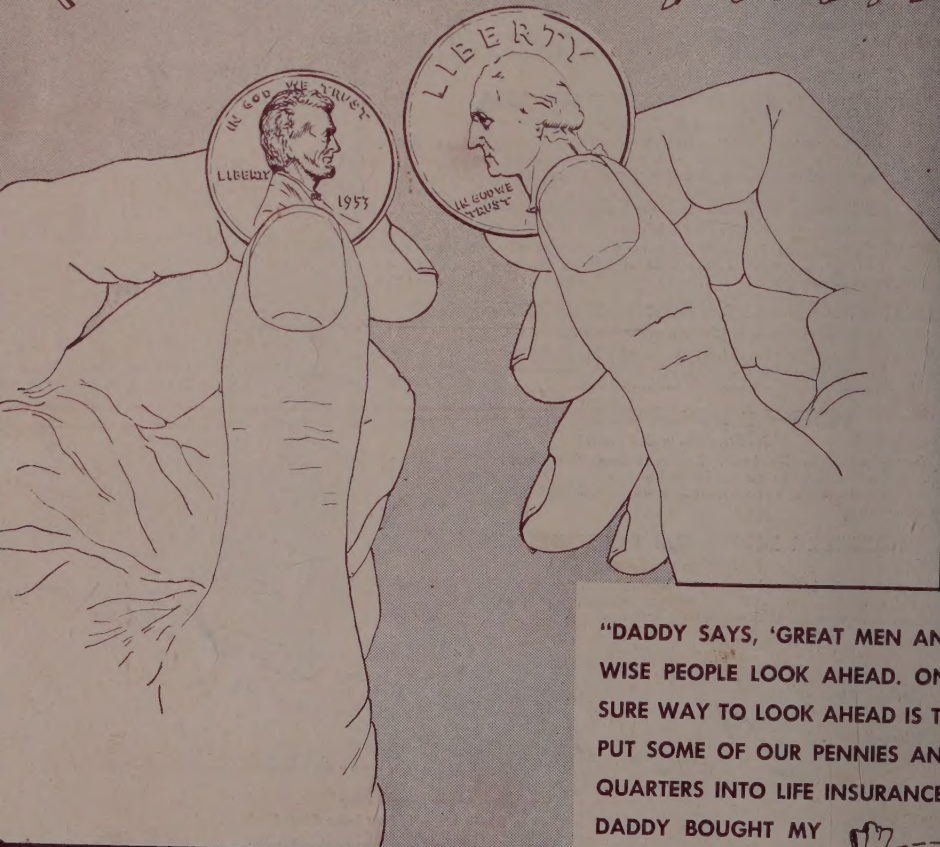
MRS ROSE FOWLER
637 ELIZABETH ST
CITY 2

U. S. POSTAGE
2¢ Paid
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
PERMIT No. 690

BON-DO-203-8027

NOV 53

Land of the Free..



"DADDY SAYS, 'GREAT MEN AND WISE PEOPLE LOOK AHEAD. ONE SURE WAY TO LOOK AHEAD IS TO PUT SOME OF OUR PENNIES AND QUARTERS INTO LIFE INSURANCE.' DADDY BOUGHT MY POLICY WHEN I WAS JUST A BABY!"

BENEFICIAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

David O. McKay, Pres.

Salt Lake City, Utah

OVER
QUARTER BILLION
OF
LIFE INSURANCE
IN FORCE

